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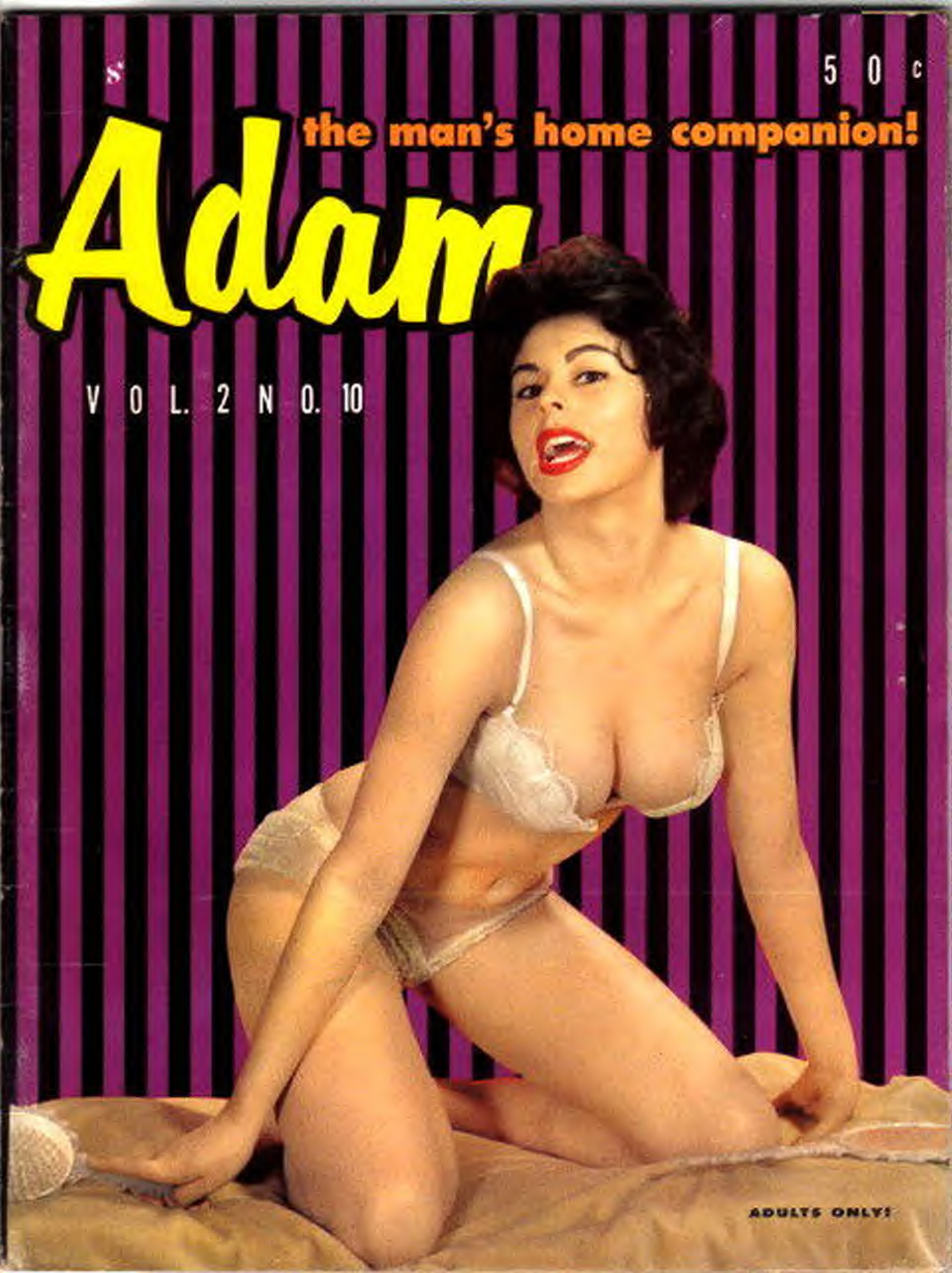
the man's home companion!

Adam

VOL. 2 NO. 10



ADULTS ONLY!

Adam

MONTHLY

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"I'm Eva Effert — Miss Berlin of 1958. There's much more of me on Page 56."

by MICHAEL WELDON

To Let The Punishment

It was a rare opportunity for Crawford to play the role, not only of detective, but judge and jury, too—and lover, of course

"My object all sublime,
I shall achieve in time,
To let the punishment fit the crime,
The punishment fit the crime . . ."
Gilbert & Sullivan
THE MIKADO

HENRIETTA RAWLINGS leaned toward Crawford across the restaurant table, displaying delightful cleavage held trim by a peach-tinted brassiere beneath the open neckline of her smart sack dress. She might almost have been a young woman in love, save for the fact that her very light blue eyes were cold as dry ice, her vermilion lips unsoft as tempered steel.

She said, her voice low but chilling, "I want my brother's murderer punished. Hal may or may not have been a rat of the first water, but he was my brother, and he's dead, and the police have done nothing about it."

Crawford regarded her thoughtfully, holding a breadstick horizontal with the fingers of both hands, rather like an orchestra leader before lifting his baton to give a downbeat. He said quietly, outwardly disinterested, "That may well be impossible. After all, the police have been breaking their collective back to run in whoever shot him. It's a big black eye for them to have the killer of an anti-crime crusader like Hal Rawlings running around loose."

The icy eyes narrowed, and the intensity of their light-blue regard seemed to increase. "Did they get the gunman who shot young Schuster after he spotted Willy Sutton? Did they get

—*turn the page*

Crawford flipped the contents of his glass into Lorna's face.

PUNISHMENT, *from page 4*

the man who blinded Victor Riesel? The police . . . f' Henrietta paused, and her cleavage stirred in interesting fashion as she took a deep breath. "Besides," she added, "they're looking too far afield."

Crawford thought this over. He said, "Crime crusader or not, you can be certain they checked your sister-in-law thoroughly. When a married person is murdered, the mate is always first suspect."

"Lorna," replied Henrietta thoughtfully, "is a very clever bitch. I ought to know — I roomed with her at college."

"You really believe she killed him?" the private investigator inquired.

"She had cause." Again Henrietta paused. Her short, silver-blonde curls stirred restlessly as she surveyed the room. Then she said, "The urge to find things out, then to use his information, that made Hal a great reporter, was a prime, stinking headache around the house. I remember once when I was fifteen and crazy for a boy at home, he . . ." She let it lie there.

"You want his murder avenged?" Crawford asked her.

"I want his murderer punished," said Henrietta, her nostrils dilating ever-so-faintly. Here, thought Crawford, beneath the lacquer of college and beautician, lay a fine, almost frighteningly primitive woman.

"What makes you think I can do it?" he inquired almost lazily. The fact that he was a private investigator was one of his most closely guarded secrets, and he was curious as to how this woman had dug him out.

"*I know* you can," she informed him with level gaze. "Hal wasn't the only member of the family who had a flair for ferreting out facts, Crawford. I know a great deal about you. Never mind how."

"Then you must know that I'm damned expensive," he told her.

"I know that, too," she replied. "If you satisfy me that you have fulfilled the assignment, I'll pay you ten thousand dollars."

"Fifteen," said Crawford.

They settled for twelve and a half. Then, the detective said, "My retainer on a job of this type is five thousand — payable in advance."

"How do I know you'll deliver," Henrietta asked cautiously.

"If you know as much about me as you claim, the question is unnecessary." He made a move as if to rise from the table.

Ten minutes later, he had Henrietta's check for five thousand. Only then did he say, "Now, why do you really suspect Lorna Rawlings of murdering your brother?"

"I don't know that she did," qualified Henrietta. "Heaven knows she had cause to hate Hal, just as I did."

"Sounds like an average marriage," said Crawford quietly.

"I know — that's why I've never married," Henrietta assured him. "But Lorna is madly in love — with a man named Nick Jessup. A dreamboat if ever I saw one."

"Jessup . . ." Crawford repeated the name thoughtfully.

"You know him?"

"I seem to have heard of him," replied the investigator. "Is he in love with Lorna?"

"Who knows what a man is?" she countered. "He's been making a play for her. Mutual friends have told me about it." Henrietta paused once more, her very light blue eyes noticeably softening. She added, "He really is terribly attractive. If I were in Lorna's place, I might be tempted to . . ." Again she let thought and sentence dangle.

"Is Lorna rich?" Crawford asked.

Henrietta shrugged. "I really don't know. I suppose she has something. Her family used to be well off."

"Did your brother leave her anything?"

"Scraps — a few thousand," said Henrietta. "He drew up a new will just before he was — before he died, leaving the rest of his property to me."

"I'm surprised the police haven't investigated you as a suspect," Crawford remarked, returning his alligator billfold, complete with check, to his breast pocket.

"They have," said Henrietta, faint color darkening her cheeks.

"And . . . ?" Crawford could be cryptic, too.

"I had an unassailable alibi," she retorted, her blush deepening.

"I hope he was good in bed," said the investigator politely.

"That," she said angrily, "is none of your damned business."

"Don't," he told her, beckoning the waiter over, "be too sure. May we have the check please, Armand?"

FOR TWO REASONS, Crawford avoided the police, though exact knowledge of what they had or had not found out would have been valuable to him. One, his value as a private investigator would have been seriously weakened if the police knew of it — and, two, in view of the somewhat extralegal nature of his assignment, he felt that officialdom might well be inclined to put roadblocks in his path if they knew him to be on the case.

Which meant he had to arrange an interview with the bereaved Lorna Rawlings on his own recognizances.

—turn to page 40

by ROGER TURRELL

if you knew Susie...

She's a little girl, with a big problem, who wants to make people laugh.

Suzie popping out in "Maid In The Ozarks", above left, is a lot different than strapped-in young teen of "Junior Miss", above with Carol Lynley—more like Suzie, herself, on the staircase.

IF YOU KNEW Susie —19-year-old blonde Susanne Sydney, that is, who's busting out all over these pages — like we know Susie, you'd know that she had a majestic sized problem last December when she went to audition for the part of 14-year-old Fuffy in Dupont video production of "Junior Miss".

Susanne's problem, you see, was that she had (and still has, we are pleased to report) a 39-inch bust, with pleasingly ample endowments elsewhere — rather unlikely for the physical characteristics of the adolescent character she passionately desired to play.

Viewing Susanne's picture portfolio, casting director Sally Brady pointed to some rather exciting specimens and warned, "Better not show *him* any of these" — *him* being Ralph Nelson, the director.

"I had to strap myself in, wear a pony tail, chew bubble gum, and play hopscotch in the hallway," Susanne remembers mischievously, but when she had her big audition scene with Nelson, it worked, and she landed what has up to now been the choicest role of her young career.

A few months later, working with Elvis Presley in "King Creole", nobody asked her to hide anything, least of all Elvis. She was wearing a sweater and a dirndl skirt, and what she had she had and it was protruding all over.

Between scenes, Susanne was sitting on a camera dolly, relaxing and watching Elvis and one of his cousins ("There always seemed to be this bunch of cousins around") playing catch. The Pelvis kept looking out of the corner of his eye in a way that only a girl knows, and wiggling his hips like he does when he sings. In exasperation, Susanne called out to him, "Promises! Promises! Promises!", whereupon Elvis crooned back in his sexiest voice, "Beverly Wilshire Hotel . . . Room 850 . . .!"

Susanne, who was born in New York City, was brought to California eleven years ago by her dentist father and ex-actress mother, for health reasons — not only hers — everybody needed fresh air, sunshine and wide open spaces. With Susanne, it certainly did the trick, for she has nothing less than blossomed.

Coming along behind her in the Sydney clan, there are five other kids — two brothers and two sisters. Poor Susanne has got to keep on her toes and keep consistently busy because her 5½-year-old sister also wants to be an actress, has an agent, and is out looking for work, and it wouldn't do at all to have the moppet get ahead of her in the work and earnings department.

In that respect, however, Susanne

has done quite well for somebody who just started her professional career about a year or so ago. She has just finished "High School Hellcats" for American International — which she asks us to pass on "is not to be confused with 'High School Confidential'" (Why not?).

She plays a real hellion named Dolly in this one, complete with a knife in her hand and murder in her eye. After killing one girl, however, and trying to get another with her wicked big blade, she goes over the balcony in the darkened theater where the Hellcats hold their meetings, and happily comes to no good end.

Susanne had to learn to smoke for this one, but since she has a real problem keeping her full, round, curvy figure under control, she finds it "better than eating."

Another vice she had to learn for this movie was knife throwing. "I was having a hell of a time trying to get it to stick, even though they had an expert on-set teaching me how. Finally, in one big scene, with the cameras grinding away, it finally stuck, quivering dramatically as it was supposed to. I was so pleased with myself until I noticed that it was the wrong end that had stuck. It had gone right through the soft prop door."

Another time, with the camera angled low and in front of her, the director ordered, "Throw it right at us this time, honey . . . right at the cameraman . . ."

"Well, I took him at his word, naturally — after all, he was the director — and I threw that switchblade with all my might right toward the camera. Luckily, I still wasn't any good or I would have killed somebody. The knife bounced off the dolly right between the cameraman and the director and flew right through a whole group of white-faced, terrified people. The director was livid! How did I know I wasn't actually supposed to *throw* it!?"

Susanne still remembers what might be considered her first show business experience. It was back in the first grade of the elementary school she went to in New York City. She wanted to bang on something like the sticks or the triangle — "I wanted to make noise, but they made me the conductor."

It was the first part she missed out on — something an actress has to get used to — but she saw it through like a trouper, and made up for it by playing the violin for eight years afterward.

When Susanne left New York, one of her little girl friends asked her

where she was moving and she said, ". . . to Hollywood, California."

"Gee," said the moppet, enviously, "are you going to be a movie star?"

The thought hadn't ever occurred to Susanne, but she saw her chance for a big exit scene and replied, haughtily, as she flounced off, "Why, yes, of course I'm going to be a movie star!"

Her first movie, more than a decade later, was a little gem called "Motorcycle Gang", also for American International. She had an agent by this time, and though she had done a lot of Little Theater work around Hollywood, she was still to make her professional debut.

She had just returned to town from a weekend in Mexico at the bullfights, and like most actresses, the first thing she did was call her agent. "Get over to American International right away," he told her. "They've got a part for you."

"Of course I was excited and happy about it," she says, "but when I got the script, I didn't know whether to be insulted or not. The character weighed 250 pounds! I know I'm big, but not *that* big!"

Having a tendency to plumpness might not be such a disadvantage in Susanne's career as it might be in somebody else's. After all, they can't all be glamour girls — and even she, as exhibited in a couple of the pictures on these pages, can sometimes deliver with the sultry sexiness of a Brigitte Bardotte.

Susanne, however, wants to be a comedienne, and while there's fantastically stiff competition for the dazzling beauty roles, there isn't so much for the second leads, such as the strapped-in role she played in "Junior Miss".

Beside that TV spectacular, she's had a number of other opportunities to play comedy. There's been even more comedy, however, in the bits of the traditional stage horseplay and trickery that's been played on her by other actors, and which she has played on them.

In "Junior Miss" — in which Carol Lynley took the lead — Susanne had an opportunity to play with such great stars as Don Ameche, David Wayne, Paul Ford, Joan Bennett and Diana Lynn. After one exit, Ameche handed her a folded piece of paper, and whispered importantly, "Here's a note for you!"

Susanne opened it — nothing. She passed the note along to Paul (the Colonel of "Sergeant Bilko") Ford, whispering urgently, "Here's a note for you!" Later, as she was changing her shoes off-stage, there was the paper, all torn into bits, stuffed inside them — and there was Don Ameche roaring his head off. The gag had gone full circle back to him, and he had put a new twist on it.

In a Little Theater show once, she had a part in which she leaned (whoops!) over the leading man and he popped a piece of toast in her mouth while he talked, then she had some lines to deliver. One night, he substituted a hard-boiled egg yolk.

"It was like getting a can full of talcum powder poured in your mouth," remembers Susanne. "I had to rush off-stage to get rid of it, before I could come back and say my lines."

She got in her own licks, however, when she was playing the zaney Daisy Belle in "Maid In The Ozarks" at Los Angeles' Forum Theater. One of the characters had a scene with a can of worms, for which squiggly little bits of cutup inner tubes were used. On the last night of the show, Susanne substituted real worms and almost broke up the show. The leading lady came off-stage sick.

Her costume in "Maid" was a masterpiece created from an old sheath dress belonging to one of her sisters. While the director and producer sat in the audience to see the effect on the audience and calling the signals, the stage manager attacked the garment here and there and everywhere with a large pair of scissors.

When the creation was finished, it was a problem as to how long it would hold together, for the very fulsome Susanne was coming out all over the place.

"Every time I moved, it would tear a little more," she says. "Some people kept coming back to see the show to see if I would actually fall out of the dress."

Susanne credits her folks' encouragement with the fact that she is moving

ahead in her chosen career. In the shows she did in Little Theater, they often worked with her, taking various parts in the plays.

"To draw an audience, we used titles for shows like, 'The Widow Was Willing' and 'In Bed We Forget'," Susanne remembers, gleefully. She was only in her mid-teens then, and these shows were an education in sex for her, as well as training in theater.

"Once I couldn't get along with the leading man in a show," she says, pouting, "and they had to change the end of the play because I wouldn't kiss him."

Another time, she was cast as an illegitimate child in search of her father. A real tear-jerker of a farce!

Susanne lives in the San Fernando Valley with her family, where her father practices dentistry, besides dabbling in Little Theater. She majored in Theater Arts at Van Nuys High School and then switched, in her senior year, to Hollywood Professional School, where she got her diploma in Theater Arts.

One of the memorable things she did at Hollywood Professional was a couple of self-written monologues, delivered before the entire student body at an Auditorium Call.

"One was about a ghost who couldn't scare people, and the other about an Indian who was on the warpath because his great-great-great grandfather didn't get any white meat from the turkey at the first Thanksgiving Dinner."

That was the comedienne in her coming out. Any girl who has the urge can wiggle their fanny and throw their chest out, but how many actresses can write and deliver monologues about "an Indian who was . . . etc., etc., etc.

Another example of Susanne's more than adequate gray matter is her choice of a boyfriend. She loves men, finds them charming, exuberantly declares, "they'll never be replaced by women", and definitely wants to get married and have a family.

Her boyfriend is quite special, however — he's a tall, handsome, pleasant actor-writer named Tom Olson. Now, you may not think that that is such a much — sure, lots of guys could answer that description, there are hundreds of them looking for work in Hollywood.

But the family of this one, bub, owns the largest platinum mine in the world — the Good News Bay Mining Company, at Platinum, Alaska — and that's the best introduction and recommendation we've ever had for anybody!

MANY MEN HAVE sought adventure in the world's far places, risking life and limb in search of excitement and wealth with seldom a second thought. History is studded with their names, from Alexander the Great to "Wrong Way" Corrigan and beyond, the names of men who crossed up the rules of society in pursuit of a dream and made their dreams come true. According to the late William Bolitho, who made an authori-

ADVENTURERS IN TINSEL

by K. ROBERT HOWARD

Todd, Rickord, Barnum were all colorful, colossal titons in the field of spectacle

tative study of such individuals in his widely read "Twelve Against the Gods", Casanova was such a man, as were other great leaders, charlatans and explorers in their individual fields of endeavor.

Yet not all of the greatest adventurers known to history have been men of the sword, the swindle and the boudoir — their brothers and sisters have operated daringly and successfully in counting houses, in industry and in politics. But in no single field have such colorful, colossal and appealing adventurous personalities arisen as in the never-never land of spectacle — in the presentation of sporting or theatrical events before the general public. Ancient Rome had its mighty entrepreneurs, as did the courts of the great French monarchs and the lesser rulers of Italy and Bavaria. Yet no one land, in any one century, has seen the rise of such titans of tinsel as has the United States within a decade or two more than the last hundred years.

The tragic death, this past spring, of Producer Michael Todd in the wreckage of his storm-tossed private plane outside of Albuquerque, New Mexico, has sharply pointed up this chain of fabulous and prodigal adventurers, whose ups and downs and immense successes have been those of the carnival roller-coaster, yet who have lived and died in the eyes of millions. For Todd is the latest in what has become the Big Three of American showmen — *it* was he who ran the total up to three.

Phineas Taylor Barnum, Tex Rickard and Todd — these were and are, despite the intrusion of death, the titans. Barnum, who practically invented the business of showmanship — racket if you will; Rickard, who created spectacles that drew up to almost $2,000,000 for a single performance; Todd, who casually kicked in three times that amount (money he didn't have) on a film extravaganza that may well bring in $100,000,000 at the country's box offices before its final print is laid away for good.

There were others, of course —

—turn the page

TINSEL *from page 13*

men like William A. Brady, Florenz Ziegfield, Mike Jacobs and Cecil DeMille along with many more — all of whom made more or less permanent marks on the appallingly risky profession of offering entertainment in one form or another to the public, as well as on the public itself. But it was the Big Three — Barnum, Rickard and Todd — who produced the most privierizingly titanic shows against the steepest odds, who overcame unsurmountable obstacles simply by inventing new forms of promotion, who made America the most entertainment-conscious country since the last Roman gladiator punctured his last mangy lion.

All of them were strictly Nonas from Nowhere. None had family, inherited wealth or connections in high places to speed them on their way. Nor did any of this gigantic threesome have the slightest trace of showmanship on his family tree. They did it on their own.

Barnum, for instance, came from a clan of Connecticut hicks. By all the laws of genetics, he should have remained a small farmer or storekeeper throughout his 71 years, practicing practical jokes and amusing neighbors or customers with his endless string of tall stories. He was a big fellow, standing two or three inches over six feet, with an engaging personality, great vigor and exceedingly articulate for a man with little formal schooling.

Born in 1810, after a couple of early failures and much shrewd trading and speculation, he burst upon the New York scene as the proprietor and promoter of Barnum's Museum, a catchall sort of whatisit which exhibited every available item, true or unashamedly fraudulent, that was likely to draw credulous customers at a shilling a show, from a genuine giraffe (or cameleopard as it was known in those days) to a Japanese "mermaid" which was ultimately proved to be a mummified female monkey with flaccid, enlarged breasts adroitly sewed onto a large fishtail.

There was such a ruffish good-humor to Barnum that, somehow save for outraged competitors, people failed to be disturbed by his occasional frauds. He gave them plenty of odd realities and dressed his dramas (he ran that wonderful old chestnut, "The Drunkard", for years in his auditorium) in such pious morality that a trip to his "museum" was, for decades, almost as much a part of the national culture-pattern as a trip to Niagara Falls.

His energy was incredible — he worked day and night and often dined on a primitive "hero" sandwich as his only nourishment while raking in the dollars and shillings at the box office himself. And his wit and resourcefulness soon grew legendary. That other wonderful old chestnut about his erecting a sign reading "To the Egress" to move a loitering crowd out of the joint to make room for fresh-paying customers clamoring for admittance on the sidewalk is entirely true.

Barnum was anything but a shrinking violet. He was a braggart who delighted in making good his boasts, no matter how flamboyant. He delighted in taking long chances when convinced he had a solid hunch — and, more often than not, his hunches paid off in gold. Out of the proceeds of his museum, Barnum bought himself a piece of a New York newspaper and engaged in other remunerative ventures. He was the first great publicist the world had ever seen.

He put on the first Wild West show in Hoboken, in July, 1843, for free — but pocketed $3,500 in clear profit through a deal with the ferry boat company that took the crowds across the Hudson to see a buffalo hunt and brought them back again. This shrewdly computed extravaganza also built up a long subsequent run of Wild West shows in Manhattan and on the road, even though Barnum himself was terrified of his own Indians.

But his first chance at world notoriety came in November, 1842, when Barnum spent a night in his brother's hotel in Bridgeport, Connecticut. Brother Philo there informed him of a five-year-old dwarf named Charles S. Stratton, who was perfectly formed, lived in town and was only two feet one inch tall.

Barnum went to see the marvel and engaged him for four weeks of museum appearances — he was afraid the miniature might grow and leave him stuck with a long contract. The salary of this wonder was settled, after considerable dickering with the elder Strattons, at a princely three dollars per week.

The great showman added six years to the child's age, renamed him General Tom Thumb, and was off to the races. To Barnum's delight, the "general" proved to be amiable, intelligent, even something of a prodigy, who picked up patter and song-and-dance routines rapidly. The dwarf and the great showman got along together from start to finish, and proceeded happily to work and play together for fame and a small mint of money. Barnum sent him on tour after he proved a New York smash hit, raising his stipend to $25 a week, then to $50 plus expenses for a European tour. By that time, some 80,000 persons had paid to see the little marvel, and some 10,000 are said to have seen him off at the pier.

In Liverpool, the 33-year-old Barnum soon went into one of the few funks of his outrageous career. Liverpool showmen were anxious to put the general on display, but at a top admission of tuppence, which they claimed was all the British public was accustomed to paying. This seemed appallingly primitive to Barnum, who had been charging a two-bit fee for years and getting away with it. But the entrepreneur's spirits revived quickly in London, when General Tom drew large crowds in a special three-night trial engagement at the Princess's Theater.

However, the Connecticut Yankee was not after bigger game and withdrew his phenomenon from public view until he could arrange the sponsorship of royalty, which he felt would add the necessary touch of glamor to transform a mere hit into a true sensation. This looked difficult, since Queen Victoria's court was in mourning for her father-in-law, but Barnum used a letter of introduction from N. Y. Tribune editor Horace Greeley to obtain an audience with American Minister Edward Everett, whose usual chill snobbery was softened by the letter, by Barnum's effusive charm and by Tom Thumb's precocity. Everett promised to arrange the meeting and did so.

The royal family was fascinated — this was the young and rather gay Queen Victoria of 1844, only seven years on the throne, not the forbidding old biddy of her later decades — by the antics of the little man, especially by his impersonation of Napoleon, and twice more invited showman and dwarf to Buckingham Palace. The general was made, and Barnum overnight became an international figure.

The odd duo mopped up in London with the royal approval shrewdly publicized and then proceeded to Paris and the court of King Louis Philippe. There, General Tom dropped the Napoleon bit from the act temporarily and was royally received. At Longchamps, his miniature coach, drawn by four tiny ponies, created a sensation that caused still more gold to flow into the Barnum coffers.

To save paying the 25 percent tax on natural curiosities, Barnum converted his prodigy into an actor, starring him in a comedy title "Petit Poucet" (Little Thumb) in which they toured the French provinces for a theatrical tax of a mere 11 percent, and later toured Europe and, the next year, the British Isles, in uninterrupted triumph. Well known Historical Painter Benjamin Robert Haydon, a

pal of Keats and other eminent artists Britons, committed suicide when, while showing his paintings in the same building in London where Tom Thumb was on display, his exhibit drew a pitiful 133½ patrons ("the ½ a little girl") in a week to the American "monstrosity's" 12,000 I Wordsworth and Lord Robert Peel, soon to be Prime Minister of England, followed poor Haydon's body in the funeral—but they also patronized Barnum's prodigy!

Barnum and the fabulous dwarf maintained a close and friendly, to say nothing of mutually profitable, relationship until the little fellow's death many years later. His marriage (to a midget) drove national and foreign news from the front pages for weeks. Meanwhile, back in New York in 1847, Barnum built himself a Bridgeport house that was a virtual museum of architectural and decorative horrors (though pronounced the last word in its own day) and cast about for new profit-making projects. He negotiated for Shakespeare's birthplace and Madame Tonssand's waxworks among other items, to the indignant dismay of patriotic Britons, and continued to cash in on his Museum, his Wild West Shows and General Tom.

At this time, he seems to have become alarmed out of his wits with fear of becoming a drunkard (Barnum was neither the first nor the last promoter to fall prey to his own propaganda) and took the pledge, ostentatiously destroying a cellarful of costly wines and brandies at Iranistan (that was the name of his Bridgeport house of horror). Then, in 1849, he got the idea of bringing coloratura Swedish opera diva Jenny Lind to America.

Jenny Lind, daughter of a wastrel father and an appallingly priggish mother and relatives, was perhaps the smuggest, most sententiously pious and ostentatiously virginal soprano that ever stepped ont in front of the footlights She would not sing in Paris, for instance, because, to her, the city was one vast whorehouse, and she felt that the concert halls and religious oratorio performances were far more fitting for a pure young lady than the tempestuously sexy roles of grand opera. What was more, her voice, sweet, pure and about as exciting as a pipe organ, showed it.

But Jenny was born to her time. In an increasingly sententious and moral age, her very lack of timbre, like her infuriating smugness, made her the idol of millions. She was not beautiful, but such men as Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, the composers, fell madly in love with her and dedicated their compositions ("Elijah" among them) to her. Barnum, anxious for cultural as well as financial standing, and perhaps moved by a trace of genuine missionary motive, decided that Jenny was for him. Late in 1849, he sent an English actor to negotiate a deal to bring Jenny to New York.

He was not the first to have the idea. Among others, the fabulous Chevalier Wykoff, who had mopped up entrepreneurwise a few years earlier by importing Paris Opera Prima Ballerina Fanny Ellsler to the Western Hemisphere, had been trying for some time to lure the "Swedish Nightingale" to these shores. But his timing was wrong, and his offer, while fair enough according to such offers in that era, was not sufficient to tempt Jenny.

When Barnum's agent contacted her, it was with an expense-guaranteed proposition that would pay her $1,000 a performance for 150 shows in America and Havana within an 18-months period. Jenny accepted. She was in the throes of breaking up her second tepid romantic engagement and wanted enough money to retire from opera and build an orphan's home or something in Sweden. Furthermore, she liked the engraving of Iranistan which served Barnum as a letterhead To her, it looked solid.

The Jenny Lind promotion was Barnum's second great triumph. When the bankers refused to loan him the balance of the almost $200,000 he had to fork over as a guarantee, he got it from a Universalist minister, thus collecting on his piety promotions. In the months between completion of the deal and the Nightingale's arrival in New York, he made America Jenny Lind conscious. He ran a $200 ode contest for a special poem welcoming the singer to America. It was won by celebrated poet-translator Bayard Taylor with a tasty little item than ran, in part—

"Thon Cradle of Empire! thongh wide be the foam
That severs the land of my fathers and thee,
I hear, from thy bosom, the welcome of home,
For song has a home in the hearts of the Free!"

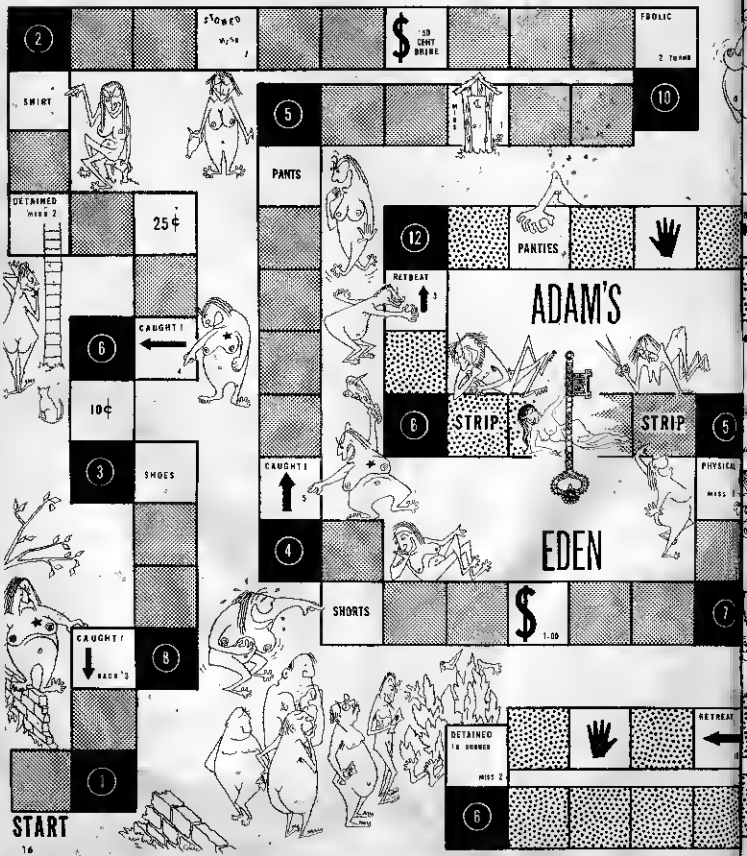
When this lyrical horror swept the country under Barnum's astute prodding, its author privately confessed that he wrote it only for the $200 prize, and hoped it would not prove to be the sole work by which his name should be known.

Barnum used the papers prodigiously. He sold tickets to the opening performance at Castle Garden by lottery and invented the publicity tie-in so much used today by suggesting that a

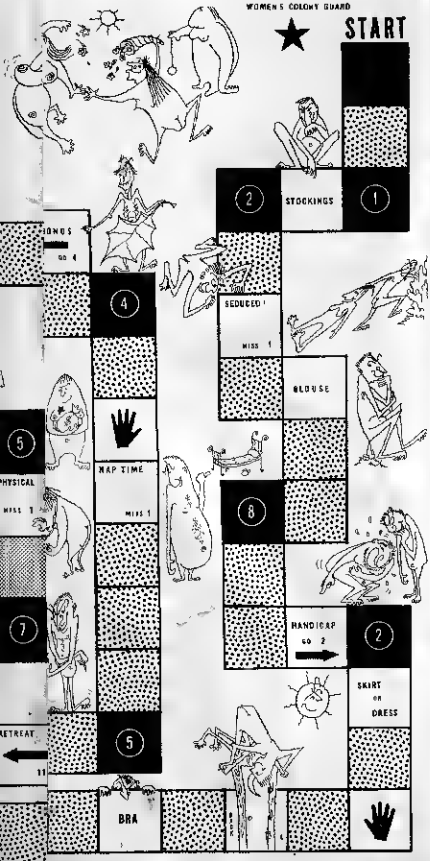
—turn to page 30

A happy new parlor game for he-ing and she-ing

"ADAM's EDEN"



conceived and drawn by E. JEROME POINC



BEVERAGES, BROADS and bribes! Put them all together and you have an ADAM's Eden — a cool, crazy game, especially designed for ADAM by the author, with a liberal sprinkling of fun, sex and a hell of a lot of insidious plotting. Mathematics, laws of chance, psychology all were considered before we made the first rough sketch for the game which we guarantee will be the American male's choice seduction prop.

Now, somewhere in the grand cosmos is the prototype of a nudist colony seen by us in a vision when we were stoned. Deep within its lush green foliage reclines a provocative virgin holding the jeweled key to all the material and emotional chastity belts in the colony — nay, in the world! Unfortunately, the nymph and her key are guarded by feminine harpies known as the Women's Colony Guard. Dedicated protectors of the charms and physical accoutrements they lack, they are, however, corruptible. And the shrewd man, strong enough to break through the brick wall, liberal enough with his beverages and bribes and persistent enough to surmount all the obstacles along the colony path will eventually, sans shirt and pants perhaps, lay hands on the sublime key.

So here then are the rules for our game, which combines good fun, good gambling, good drinking and good . . . well, you take it from there. Suffice it to say that the women players have about a 50 percent greater chance of losing most of their clothes than do the men. The way we figure it — YOU don't have to be plotted against to strip.

RULES:

1. Male players start at the brick colony wall; female players — The Women's Colony Guard — at the upper right corner.

2. Number of moves taken are determined by the roll of *one* die. Ladies first. Position of players is indicated by any token you care to use.

3. Directions on squares indicate actions of players. Changes of movement are indicated by arrows and accompanying numbers. Loss of clothes is indicated by items specified.

4. Black squares with circled numbers denote the number of sips which must be taken from the drink which stands before each player.

5. Men who land on money squares must deposit on that square the amount of bribe specified. The next member of the Women's Colony Guard to land on a square which has the outstretched palm takes and keeps the bribe deposited by the man. (Sure! Sure! You pay and the women win! You can't win a cent. But what's a couple of bucks when this particular ruling, based on a perceptive understanding of feminine psychology, functions as an added inducement for the ladies to play. There's nothing a woman loves more than to 'gamble' and win without risking a cent herself.)

6. As players come within a few squares of the virgin and key, they must roll the exact number or less to take possession. Any number higher than the remaining squares cannot be used. It becomes the equivalent of a missed turn.

So have fun and if you have a camera on hand send us a photo of your group playing.

CAFE
MOTEL

The bleak road was endless, their life the same, no matter where they plied their ancient trade

By the Light...

by GLENN LLEWELLYN

IT WAS LATE, and the night had turned bitter cold when the girls left their cribs. Irma drew tight around her the motheaten mink she had picked up so many years before in a rummage sale back in Alabama. She was a tall, big-boned woman whose rouge-dotted cheeks and heavily laid-on eye-makeup failed miserably to mask the fact that she was approaching forty summers.

She said, "I can remember when I used to dread a real busy night. In *this* God-forsaken place keeping busy is the only way to keep warm."

"I only got four customers," said Sal, a short, roly-poly brunette whose little black eyes were her only tiny features. "Who told us we'd make a bankroll out here anyway?"

"I only drew two," said Irma. "If that trucker hadn't been high and tossed me an extra tenspot, I'd really be crying the blues."

They walked around to the front of the filling-station, restaurant and motel behind which they did nightly business. They were there to service and solace the lonely night-drivers whose business carried them along this stretch of the broad double-ribbon of concrete highway that stretched, frost-covered and shining under the neon and starlight, from horizon to gaunt horizon. Although the little room-and-bath cabins they called cribs were radiant-heated and supposedly weather-proofed, the icy winds that sent dust-clouds swirling from dusk till dawn had an unethical way of seeping through seams in the jerry-built structures and bringing in the cold and dust with them.

They stopped in at the counter for a sandwich and coffee before turning in, enjoying its warmth and brightness. A pair of weary truckers, whose huge diesel stood parked out by the pumps, dozed in a booth. Save for them and Dave, the night short-order man, the place was empty. While Sal and Dave swapped limp wisecracks over the counter, Irma fell into a sort of reverie, like a drowning woman with her life passing before her mind's eye in swift, technicolor revue.

She had been a whore ever since she ran away from home in Texas, when she was little more than 18 years old. What the hell, she thought, how could a kid as green as she had been stay alive doing anything else? At first, being young and foolish, she had figured she might make it big. In those days, she had had a sort of movie star exuberance of body the boys drooled over, and freshness and gaiety to go with it.

But her second term in a Mississippi reformatory had taken the starch out of her — and a lot of the looks. She had been sick most of the time, and when she got out, she wasn't the same girl. It was then, over 15 years ago, that she had started working the highway cribs, and it seemed as if she had done nothing else since.

Sure, she had traveled — at one time or another, she had lived and sold her big body in California, in New York State (not New York City), in Canada, in Australia and in South America where her fair skin and blondined hair had earned her quite a run with the blonde-happy Latins. Yet, no matter where she went, it seemed always the same — the long highway, the casual, offhand, sometimes brutal customers, the small fees, the poor food. Especially the long highway. When ever men went, no matter how many new means of locomotion they came up with — airplanes, jets, now the rocket-ships — she always seemed to wind up working a highway for truckers and night-travelers.

When she had signed on for this job, she had thought at least it would be different. But here it was, the same old racket off the same old highway. Irma had reached the point where she was beginning to wonder if the ever-present road actually went anywhere — or if the little segment where she lived and plied her trade with a succession of Sals was the only reality, the rest of it just something she had dreamed up.

No matter where she went, it was always the same, always the road, always the loneliness, always the feeling of being the only person really alive, and yet not really alive herself. She sipped her coffee and tried to shake herself out of the mood. Tomorrow was Friday, and the weekend business was usually pretty good.

One of the truckers in the booth awoke from his doze and lifting his head from his forearms gave Irma a broken-toothed grin of recognition. "Still here, honey?" he asked.

"What else?" she countered.

"I'll be coming through on my return trip Sunday night," he said. "How about saving me some time?"

"You know where to find me," she said. Then, because the mood was still upon her, "Joe, tell me — does this damned road actually go anywhere, or does it end in nothing over the horizon?"

Joe looked at her, scowling, then said, "Now what kind of a question is that?"

Dave, behind the counter, jerked his head Irma's way and gave Sal a significant look. The plump little harlot came down off her counter-stool and plucked at Irma's arm. "Come on, Irma," she said, her voice low. "Let's turn in."

"You want company?" the awake trucker asked, grinning broadly.

"I got company, thank you," said Sal primly.

When she got Irma outside, in the frost-chilled air, she said sharply, "You want Dave to think you've gone bats?" Her breath, like Irma's made feather-plumes of vapor in the icy atmosphere.

"I'm not nuts — yet," said Irma. "I just got thinking. No matter where we go, it's always the same."

"Sure, sure," said Sal, who was not a philosopher. "What do you expect?"

Irma looked up at the sky, with its peculiar, spectacular star-brilliance. There was no moon, as she had known the moon during her first 30 years, before coming here. Instead, like shooting stars, the two tiny bits of brightness called, for some crazy longhair reason, Phoebus and Deimos, slowly chased one another across the jeweled sky.

She said, "Yeah, but somehow, when we came here to Mars, I thought it was going to be different. After all . . ."

"Come on and sleep it off," urged Sal. "You'll feel better tomorrow afternoon when you wake up."

FOR QUITE SOME time now, social commentators and moralists have been making remarks about the widespread use of pretty girls in American advertising. These girls, trim, scrubbed and almost invariably grinning from ear to ear, have appeared with salubrious sales effects on advertisements for just about every conceivable product, from fertilizer to fine automobiles.

Depending on whether or not they approve of sex, the commentators and moralists have either expressed approval of such use of comely young she-creatures, or decried it for mixing up commerce with the oldest and most cherished of double-action sports between men and women. However, because of or in spite of such editorial chatter, pretty girls continue to appear in advertising displays, selling cars, cabin cruisers, carpets, mattresses, music and magic reducing candies.

Furthermore, they continue to smile, smile, smile, revealing more and more teeth each magazine issue or television commercial. Their smiles keep customers, advertisers, manufacturers and publishers happy, while enabling their detractors to froth and bubble in the indignation without which their days (and nights) would be ineffably flat and dull.

However, except that good looking women are used for such selling processes, it seems strange that there should be so much thought and talk about sex in advertising. If there is anything less sexy than a babe wearing a broad grin, in or out of a swim-suit or evening gown, we wish someone would step forward and name it. Actually, anyone who gives way to a broad grin even when thinking about sex, much less when practicing it, is a freak.

Great sexpots, like Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo, never grinned, at least not while projecting passion. So glum was Greta during her great years of movie stardom, in fact, that, near the end of her active career, when she appeared in "Ninotchka", the fact of her actually laughing before the camera was emblazoned as boldly by the film's advertisers as if World War Two, then just beginning, had suddenly stopped dead. "Garbo Laughs!" was the war-cry, as, a few years earlier, it had been "Africa Speaks!" But Garbo didn't laugh during her breath-taking lovemaking sequences in that delightful movie — she laughed only when her leading man, Melvin Douglas, had a chair break under him, depositing him on a restaurant floor.

You don't often see such current sex-saleswomen as Gina, Brigitte and Sophia wandering in and out of various men's bedrooms and arms wearing big, toothsome grins — although Sophia, at any rate, is far from short in the

If there's anything that kills a sensuous mood, it's a Coney-Island wide female smile!

Stop Smiling ...be Sexy

tooth department. When these girls go to work on a man, they mean business, thank God!

Among homegrown sexpots, Marilyn and Jayne tend to go in for the traditional American pretty-girl grin or giggle or simper, but they are operating in a different tradition from that of the European charmer. It stems directly from Mae West, who discovered, after years of battling the censors of stage and screen, that she could get away with sex as long as she spoofed the gentle art of lovemaking. Since then, local actresses have decided that, if you want to be sexy, be funny about it.

But laughter and sex really have nothing to do with each other at all, a fact remarked upon at some length by famed German author Arthur Koestler in his "Insight and Ontlook"—and also well known to shrewd American advertisers. According to Koestler, laughter is the "luxury reflex", a reaction enjoyed only by humans. Although a number of the higher species of animals — dogs, cats, monkeys, porpoises and the like — undoubtedly have at least rudimentary senses of humor, no one has ever seen or heard them actually laugh. A hyena isn't laughing when he makes that crazy noise — that's just the way his vocal chords make him sound.

However, all the above species indulge in plenty of sexual activity. They may not have attained such refinements as alimony and that epitome of modern human sexual development, the call girl, but they do okay in the mating department. They don't go around posing atop airplane ramps with their teeth showing, either, unless it is to bite an interloper.

There are certain unfortunate women who, due to some nervous affliction, laugh and giggle in near-hysteria whenever anyone makes love to them. However, few males care to repeat this experiment, which is a trifle unnerving to the most passionate of men. It seems probable their reaction stems from some form of embarrassment at the very thought of physical sex.

Plenty of people like to clown around during the preliminary stages of courtship, finding it a spur to passion. But few indeed carry this mood over into the actual business of making love. Then, as Forel, the great French sexual authority pointed out, "tips are compressed, and eyes are serious." Laughter, at such moments, is almost certain destruction of love itself.

There is, of course, the smile of sheer sensual delight, a smile epitomized for the ages by Leonardo da Vinci in his Gioconda, better known as the Mona Lisa. Dietrich is a mistress of this slow lip-curve of sheer sexual allure. But, unlike our cover and advertisement girls, she never, never shows her teeth in a wide-open grin. Such a grin suggests another and wholly non-sexual sort of fun.

So, girls, if you want to look sexy, stop smiling. Or, if you must smile, keep your teeth under wraps. A man aroused to the point of making a real pass isn't going to give a damn, for the fact that you brush your teeth twice a day and see your dentist twice a year. He'll be much more inclined to think you're laughing at him. And laughter is death to love.

by MARTIN COURTNEY

by MARY HAYDEN

Just once, he wanted ta tell his wife off—

and today was that day!

King-Size Saturday

Alberta's lips framed another blood chilling scream.

MARVIN C. PHINNEY, (the C. stood for Cruikshank, his mother's maiden name) pulled the blanket up tighter around his thin shoulders and wondered how much longer Alberta would let him stay in bed. He didn't feel tired, although he had worked until 3 a.m. on Joe Hilton's income tax return. Joe always made a shambles of his tax forms, and brought them to Marvin, saying, "Hey, Marv, do you think you could straighten this out for me? I can't seem to get it right this year . . ."

Naturally, Marvin had taken the hodgepodge of papers and worked until his neat numerals marched tidily across the form. Then he had eased into bed, trying not to awaken Alberta. But he had, and she chided, as he knew she would, "How much did you charge this year? Nothing? You can bet *I* wouldn't be afraid to ask for pay!"

Marvin had sighed, knowing she wouldn't stop talking until the prescribed number of words had streamed from her large, fleshy lips. "Don't you know you're an easy mark, Marvin? How many accountants work all hours for so-called friends, and then don't have nerve to ask for anything?" Even in the darkness he could see her face tighten in disgust as she warmed to her task. "Everyone knows you are afraid of your own shadow!"

He tried his usual answer, "But, Alberta, Joe *is* my friend. You can't expect me to leave a man in trouble, can you?" It had no effect, so he drifted away into uneasy sleep. He awakened to find her side of the bed empty. The pillow case was splotched with greasy circles from her night cream and two hairpins were lying in a wrinkle of the sheet.

Just once, he thought, I'd like to tell Alberta what I really think . . . sometimes I feel I can, but when she gives me that freezing stare, my courage

—*turn the page*

KING-SIZE, *from page 23*

melts away like butter in the sun. She has never been afraid of anything, just bulldozes her way through. If even one time I could say I'm sick of her nagging and boasting and conniving!

Marvin realized from the breakfast aromas drifting through the narrow hall to the bedroom that his moments of peace were numbered, but as he snuggled deeper into the warmth of his bed, a shiver of excitement gripped him. This was *Saturday*. In five hours he would be back in his jungle — the jungle where he was not Marvin C. Phinney, a nobody, but where he was Mister Phinney, master of tropical rivers and mysterious lush regions of darkest Africa. There he lived as he had never lived in all his thirty-four years. There he unfolded like some giant tropical blossom from a small colorless bud.

It had come about in a rather commonplace fashion, months ago, when Alberta was visiting her mother. He went to the nearby amusement park on Saturday afternoon with another accountant. They did the usual things; rode the ferris wheel and the roller coaster, although Marvin's heart protested during this agony. The Saturday saga of Marvin C. Phinney really began when he stepped into the small riverboat and ventured into a world he had dreamed of, but never hoped to find. The shrill cries of tropical birds blended with piercing elephant screams as the jungle boat snaked its way through lushly forested depths. As they met danger lurking at each curve of the river, Marvin realized that if he could come there often, he could be a superior man, a powerful man, with courage and all the attributes of a Frank Buck, or even a Dr. Livingstone.

He applied for a job, on Saturday afternoons only, as a boat driver on the make-believe jungle excursion trip. This was Marvin's first intentional effort to deceive Alberta; he told her he was forced to work late at the office on special accounts. He felt less guilty, however, when he handed her his secret labor pay, along with every other penny he earned. He doubted that she would discover his little deception, for she thought such things as amusement parks were for children. Marvin knew his friends would keep their knowledge to themselves, perhaps envying his daring a bit.

"Marvin! I know you're awake! Come to breakfast!" Alberta's demands blasted him out of bed. He slipped out of the lavender pajamas she bought on sale for him last summer. He hated lavender, but when he suggested he would have preferred blue, or even red, she snorted, "Nonsense. Are you telling me I don't know a bargain when I see one? I bought them and you'll wear them!" So he wore them, but on this particular Saturday morning, he didn't care a fig if they *were* lavender, or even polka dotted. This was his day to be alive.

He made a quick attempt to smooth thinning brown hair down with his hand and glanced in the mirror as he dressed. You don't look different, he thought, not at all like you feel inside, do you?"

He walked through the hall and sat down opposite Alberta at the small kitchen table. "Good morning, Alberta," he said cheerfully.

"How could it be a good morning when you wake me up at all hours? You sounded like an elephant in the bedroom last night." She jabbed an unsuspecting sausage with her fork as she pulled a wrinkled rope over her bulging waistline.

Marvin closed his eyes and heard the chatter of the monkeys on the jungle sound track. It reminded him of Alberta. He said, "I'm very sorry. I tried to be quiet, but I stumbled over your reducing machine."

Her face reddened. "Oh, now you're going to insult me. Why I ever thought you were a gentleman . . . There should be a law to protect young, innocent girls from marrying no-goods."

For a fleeting instant Marvin remembered Alberta fourteen years ago when he married her. He never knew whose idea the wedding was, but even then there was something that reminded him of his mother. Now he knew, with great clarity, that it was Alberta's direct method of telling him how, when, and what to do every day of his life. If he could just see her *once* in a situation where she lost command, he would taste the sweetness supreme in a lifetime of mediocrity.

Marvin placed his coffee cup on his saucer with care and waited for the tirade to end. If it weren't Saturday, he thought, I might let her ruin my day, but it doesn't matter now. Funny how she meant nothing more to him than a ripple on the still surface of a jungle water hole when he was close to his adventure.

"Yes, Alberta, I said I'm sorry, but I can't be late to work." Marvin brushed her oily cheek with a brief kiss and promptly dismissed her from his mind as he took his drab coat from its hanger in the closet.

She was still talking as he closed the front door behind himself. "I think I'll get out of this grubby little house this afternoon, so you may have to fix your own dinner tonight."

The interminable morning finally ended for Marvin. He hurried to catch

Adam

"Let me check that order just once more."

the bus for his promised land. It was a short ride, but before he entered the employe's dressing room and began to dress in his work uniform, the palms of his hands were damp with excitement. He didn't wear his glasses when he commanded the boat; somehow he felt it wasn't appropriate for a keen-eyed adventurer to be handicapped with anything so mundane as poor vision. He slipped them into the pocket of his suit coat and took his uniform from the locker. He felt with pleasure the heavy cotton fabric stimulating his skin, rather rough, but that was nothing in comparison to the elation he noticed as he buckled the broad leather belt around his waist. There was a holster on each hip, and he checked the matching guns for blank cartridges before he placed them snugly in their leather cases. The final step in transforming Marvin C. Phinney, meek, mild, and myopic, into Fearless Phinney, master of the Nile, Zambesi, and all of Africa, was taken as he put the sparkling white pith helmet firmly on his head and swaggered through the open dressing room door.

As Marvin made his way across the wooden docks that served as loading ramps for the tropical cruise, a small dark-eyed boy clutched his mother's hand and cried, "Oh, look! Look, mommie! There is a real explorer." Marvin glanced at the boy and smiled, an understanding curve on his firm adventurer's lips. He squared his shoulders and boarded his boat as the craft bobbed by the dock. He stood in the bow of the boat and mentally ran through the line of patter he used during the tour. He could do it in his sleep, but felt that it deserved the best and most dramatic interpretation he could give it. He blew a speck of dirt from the polished surface of his boots and waited majestically for the other boatman to fill the craft with eager customers.

Marvin didn't look back at his fellow travelers often — he felt he should give the appearance that his job required a large amount of vigilance to protect them all from the dangers ahead. Sometimes he wondered where fact vanished and fantasy entered as he toured the murky waters infested with crocodiles, hippos, and dangerous water buffalos. He *lived* every fantastic moment, from the soothing seductiveness of the lazy palms waving in the soft breeze, to the sudden shots he fired from his revolvers at the marauding monsters that threatened the boat. To Marvin it made no difference that they were just clever devices timed to emerge from the water as the boat tripped the levers on its control track. He knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that he could handle a real attacking lion, or a savage bull elephant, if one appeared in the swaying grasses. After all, he was in command.

He adjusted the rear vision mirror so he could scan the faces of the passengers. Things were a trifle blurred without his glasses, but he watched in case a child came dangerously near the edge of the boat. He reveled in the admiration he saw in their glances as he alternately frightened and amused them with his monologue.

"All aboard, Skipper," called the helper as the last passenger was settled into place.

Marvin flicked on his microphone and began his patter. "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to embark on one of the most dangerous and exciting cruises of your lives. Before we return to the docks, you will see savage headhunters dancing in celebration, all types of vicious jungle beasts, and giant serpents lying in ambush." He deftly spun the brass wheel as they entered the dim passageway of a tropical rain forest, where huge trees and sinuous vines almost shut out the sunlight. He heard the gasps of delight from behind as they saw the exotic orchids and mammoth butterflies perched on trunks of trees. He could hardly wait for the first real moment of excitement when the huge hairy spider would suddenly spin through the air on invisible wire and swoop alongside the slowly moving boat. Marvin always chuckled when he looked in the mirror and caught a glimpse of the surprised faces of the passengers. Even after hundreds of trips, it never failed to amuse; all this, while he stood calmly at the bow. If Alberta could only see him now, she might have more respect for him.

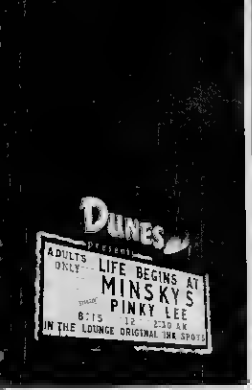
He glanced unconcernedly from one side of the stream to the other. The voice returning through the amplifier bore only slight resemblance to his ordinary speaking voice. It was deep and resonant — the voice of a big game hunter, or at least a ship's captain.

Swoosh—the enormous spider seemed to come from nowhere, leaving an eerie sensation of pouncing on the helpless boatload. One piercing scream tore the humid air. As the pseudo insect vanished back into its lair, Marvin had a strange feeling. If I didn't know it was impossible, he thought, I'd say that was Alberta screaming. He dismissed it as nothing more than an unpleasant notion. That would really be the final blow if Alberta discovered he was working there and followed him to his jungle. She would take such pleasure in dropping her net of derision over his head and trapping him completely.

—*turn to page 55*

"Jim! How many times have I told you not to call me when I'm at work!"

Pink Chips at Las Vegas' Dunes Club



Once upon a time, all a professional gambler had to do to rake in copious quantities of happy cabbage was to get a game going in a hotel room sheltered from the ever-watchful eye of the local constabulary. Add a few pair of dice, a few decks of cards and a bucket of chips, and the world beat a path to his mousetrap. Life, it would seem, was an easy if not a gay thing in those golden times. Nowadays, to get any action, the professional gambler can no longer get by with a hotel room — he's got to own the whole damned hotel. Furthermore, to lure the suckers with the long, long green to his tables, he must install costly roulette equipment, Ritz-Carlton type restaurants and service, arrange special plane-flights from the leading cities where the best suckers cluster — and then his troubles are only beginning.

He has to put in a show — and what a show! In Vegas, where top stars draw top money and beautiful chorines grow on every hunk of cactus for miles around, the competition is particularly fierce. With half-a-dozen desperate gambling-house owners gunning for every Joe E. Louis, Marlene Dietrich and Harry Belafonte on the horizon, the frantic saloonkeepers soon found themselves paying nobody but Uncle Sam. The public demanded stars, the stars demanded dough, the circle was vicious indeed!

"Give the customers quantities of flesh in quality wrappings" is Dunes' owners' motto.

Something had to give, or rather to stop giving, and it was Major Riddle, president of the Dunes Hotel, and his advisors, who decided to let the stars fall where they might. Instead of big names, they went after big bosoms — big and bare to the air-conditioned breezes — and selected Harold Minsky, scion of the revered burlesque family to do their catering for them. Not that there was anything chintzy about the operation. Even before the first stripper strutted onstage, it cost Major Riddle a cool $135,000 to put the big show into his new Arabian Room. Pinky Lee, languishing in the television doldrums, was brought in as top banana, and red-headed Pat "Amber" Holiday came on with a prize collection of Minsky strutters and stompers to head the ecdysiast division of peelers. Three hundred pounds of rhinestones were imported from Czechoslovakia, along with 2,000 ostrich plumes from Africa for the chorines' six-foot fans. Gleaming mirrored balls for the finale came from France, and the DuPont people forsook munitions-making to supply over two miles of sheer purple nylon for one of the spectacles. Sequins were brought in in bushel baskets. It took 134 seamstress, tailors and costume designers more than 7,000 hours merely to dress the 63 nudes, showgirls and dancers in the skimpiest possible costumes. And, that ain't the end of it. As ADAM *goes to press, the battle for the gamblers' buck is on in earnest in this fantastic paradise and hell in the desert. What the Dunes has done with girls, girls, girls, has caught on. A new joint, the Stardust — and we do say joint, for, after all, even though it cost a couple or more million bucks, basically all it is is a gambling joint — has opened with a gaudy show supposedly imported from gay Paree en toto. Everything from ice-skaters to jugglers to bare-bosomed Frenchwomen to lure the tourist buck. Well, old* ADAM *did the Dunes on his tour of this pie-in-the-sky oasis and recommends it highly, but you know the old story about French gals compared to the home-grown, corn-fed product — so, can the rooms be roomier and the bazooms be bazoomier?*

TINSEL, *from page 15*

Broadway business neighbor, Genin, the hatter, bny the first pasteboard oo matter what the cost. Il cost him $225 and made him a fortune in free advertising.

The opening that followed and the American tour have been too widely detailed to need retelling here. It was a snccession of argnments and problems and a smash hit. After 93 performances which had grossed $712,-161.34 in nine months, of which la Lind netted $208,675.09, she relnnded Barnum $32,000 to void the balance of the contract. Barnum grossed $535,486.25 from the extravaganza and probably netted about $200,000. After the separation, Jenny sang on with varying snccess, married her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt, a pupil of Mendelssohn, in Boston in February, 1852, and grossed a relatively meager $7,000 for her farewell concert in Castle Garden on May 24th, 1852. (Under Barnum's aegis, similar appearances had reached an $18,000 top and had never fallen below $10,-000.) Bnt she wound up rich enongh to retire and build her hospital and live, pnesnmably happily, evei after.

Not so Barnnm, of course. He had to keep on and invested heavily in Bridgeport property and business. He went broke and baokrnpt, made a comeback and ultimately hit his third and greatest smash with Barnum and Bailey's Circus, "the greatest show on earth". Actnally, he left the circus as a heritage to American kids of all ages — and he died, at 71, once more on familiar terms with royalty and generally beloved.

GEORGE LEWIS "Tex" Rickard was born some 51 years after Barnum in a roadside cabin in Clay County, Missouri, at a somewhat distraught moment when bullets were flyiog all around the cabin while a local posse pursued Jesse and Frank James and their outlaw mob. In fact, things go so hot around the Rickard cabin that, when the child was four years old, his parents upped stakes and moved to the more peaccable surroundings of Cambridge, Texas, where Rickard acqnired his lifelong nickname. There, all the Rickards had to worry about was starvation, the Civil War and a snbsequent fend between Cambridge and nearby Henrietta for, first a post office, then a railroad. After a number of pitched battles and bullet deaths, Henrietta won both assets and Cambridge merged with the victors. Bnt this seemed peacefnl after pre-Civil War Missonri.

Mr. Rickard died while Tex was in his early teens, and the boy at once quit school and went to work for a neighboring cattle rancher. He was toughened by the great early cattle drives into the lean, leathery-hard Southwesternet he became, also into a taciturnity which, rather oddly, won him the reputation of being a wonderful talker thongh his talent for listening to others. At the age of 23, he was made Town Marshal of Henrietta, an office he filled with nnqualified success. He married a local girl, and, in February, 1896, became a father.

Bnt his son lived only a week and Rickard's wife died a month later. Not long after this, when word of the gold strike in the Yukon filtered throngh to Henrietta, it took only small persuasion to make Tex qnit his post and take off for the Frozen North with a pal, Will Slack.

The two Texans had resolntely resolved to disbelieve the tall stories they had heard abont the cold in Alaska. Arrived in Juneau in November, they entered a bar where, noting the fnr coats and hats on the other habitues, Slack remarked, "We're just unlucky enough to land here in the middle of a cold wave."

They were informed by a stranger that, on the contrary, they had arrived in the middle of unseasonably warm weather for that time of year. By the time they had scaled the Chilkoot Pass the following spring on the way to Circle City (named after the Arctic Circle), Slack had had it. He left Tex there alone and made his way back to Texas and warmth, to be unseasonably shot dead shortly afterward in an exchange of saloon courtesies.

Rickard was not alone for long. He had a way of being offered things by other men, from companionship to large snms of money without security. Deciding he preferred almost anything to mining or prospecting, Tex became a professional gambler in that rough, raw environment. His employer, Sam Bonnifield, an inveterate gambler and saloon-keeper, made a big killing one day and turned over the saloon to Tex, who lost it to a filled inside straight in a couple of weeks.

For several years, he traveled from boom town to boom town, winning friends and trying to infinence cards. He made and blew a nnmber of sizable fortunes but finally struck it big with a saloon in Nome. After seven years in the Arctic, Tex sold out in 1902 and retnrned to the States with a bankroll of $65,000 and an nrge to find a wife.

Rickard by this time had developed the basic elements needed for the incredible career that followed. He had a gambler's faith in his luck, a gambler's credulity, a straight gambler's complete honesty and faith in the honesty of others, at least as far as he was concerned — and a vivid imagination. He also had acqnired a number of important (or soon-to-be important) lifelong friends in men like Novelists Jack London and Rex Beach, witty Wilson Mizner, Showmen Alexander Pantages and Sid Grauman and Senator-to-be Key Pittman of Nevada. He was later to be befriended vigorously by President Theodore Roosevelt and the entire Roosevelt clan.

However, none of these were on hand in Scattle, back there in 1902, to pnt a check on Tex's gullibility when a yonng burglar in Walla Walla jail pulled the old Spanish Prisoner con on him and convinced him that, if Tex could get him parolled, he could lead him to a hidden diamond mine in South Africa. Tex fell, hook, line and sinker, nsed his likeability and badge as a former town marshal to get the character ont of prison and took him to Sonth Africa. About all Tex found there were the late W. C. Fields and his brother Walter, who became other members in the lifelong friends-of-Rickard club.

Realizing he had been had Rickard retnrned to New York with his parolee, giving him the run of the ship but arranging for his pickup by New York detectives when the ship docked. Somewhat aggrieved, the rollicking convict asked Tex why he hadn't told him he would be pnt in jail npon reaching American soil. Said Rickard characteristically, "I didn't want to spoil yonr trip."

After retnrning his victimizer to Walla Walla, Tex went to San Francisco, where he married Edith Mae Myers, a gentle little girl who, chaperoned by her actress-mother, had played piano in his Northern Saloon at Nome. This marriage seems to have been a happy one until Edith Mae died of natural causes more than 20 years later.

After his marriage, Tex tried to open a replica of the Northern Saloon in Seattle, bnt was frozen out by political enemies before he could open his doors. Rickard went back to Nome and the real Northern, but Edith Mae couldn't stand the climate, so he sold out and returned in 1904 With a partner, he moved to Goldfield, Nevada, where a new rush was in full swing.

There he opened another Northern Saloon and prospered — the miners trusted him thanks to his reputation for nttter honesty, and he never let them down by a single onnce. He developed rapidly and, becoming involved in the town itself, decided to help promote Goldfield by staging a prizefight between Terrible Terry McGovern and Jimmy Britt. For a

featherweight, ex-champ McGovern had a ferocious reputation as a kayo artist, and Britt was a leading contender. Rickard figured the fight would draw attention to Goldfield even if it failed to make a dime.

This was the greatest sports promoter of all time launched. He wired Joe Humphreys, the classic old fight announcer who was then McGovern's manager, offering him $15,000 by telegram. Through a booboo, the wire was sent collect. Never having heard of Rickard, Humphrey naturally thought himself the victim either of a screwball or a practical joke. Furthermore, Joe was just about broke at the moment, so he sent six-dollars' worth of "NO!" back by Western Union, also collect, in language as hot as the wires could take without melting.

Later, when Humphreys learned that Rickard was leveling, he all but shot himself. Yet, as must be the case with super-promoters, this apparent failure turned into a great big break for Tex. The enterprising ex-marshal instead enveigled Battling Nelson, chief contender, and Joe Gans, the champ, to fight for the lightweight title.

Tex began to show his shrewd showmanship from then on. Instead of paying off the fighters in notes and promises until the gate receipts were in, counted (and usually looted by the promoter), he paid Gans in gold *before* the battle, a novelty that attracted nationwide press coverage. Sunny Jim Coffroth of San Francisco, then the country's leading fight promoter, also took notice and tried to swing the fight to his home town. When Rickard and his gold proved too much to conquer, he had Nelson's manager, Billy Nolan, pull so many switches that both fighter and manager were saved from a lynching only by a cool head who promised them it would be too expensive in view of the money bet.

The fight between Nelson, the so-called human punching bag, and Gans, the old master, drew 15,000 and went 42 brawling rounds until Nelson fouled out with a blow to Gans' testicles.

And Goldfield boomed — while, more important, Rickard had been blooded with his first rich taste of the acclaim and adulation that the successful promoter attracts wherever he goes. Besides, the saloon business in Goldfield was getting rough. A couple of drunken miners, on two separate occasions, tried to shoot him and all but succeeded. And, in 1908, huge, colored Jack Johnson became heavyweight champion of the world by knocking over chunky Tommy Burns, who had claimed the title after winning a "tournament" following Jim Jeffries' undefeated retirement.

The first decade of our century saw the glittering dream of white supremacy and the so-called white man's burden at their peak of acceptancy — and the idea of a Negro being recognized as the best fighting man alive was a sickening shocker to millions. Johnson, an easy-going giant who liked good food, champagne and pretty white women, added fuel to the fires.

Race riots broke out all over the country, and a feverish search for a "white hope" who could defeat the feared and hated champion took on the absurd brutality of a crusade. Improbably, Johnson kept bowling them over as fast as their backers could set them up. Jeffries, aging, fat and happily retired, was pressed to make a comeback and restore the situation.

Ultimately, the supposedly invincible conqueror of Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett weakened and undertook a comeback, under the wing of Sunny Jim Coffroth. But Rickard, spurred by cartoon and newspaper comment that he was a big-talking one-shot wonder, went to Pittsburg, where Johnson was appearing in vaudeville and, as usual, short of cash, and signed him by laying $2,500 in real money on his dressing-room table.

The fight and its promotion attained status as a classic example of backstage skullduggery and corruption. Coffroth maintained general control as long as the battle was to be held in San Francisco, though he could not shake Johnson loose from Rickard, until the Governor of California, influenced by women's and church groups representing powerful blocs of voters, outlawed the fight. Then Tex stepped in, moving it to his home ground of Nevada, in Reno, where 13,760 ticket-buyers paid a record-smashing gate of $270,775 to see a relaxed Johnson belt the inconquerable Jeffries into oblivion in the 15th round.

Jeffries, of course, had known he hadn't a chance from the first. Coffroth had assured him Johnson would take a dive, and he had not bothered to train seriously . . . in fact, he had only accepted the fight under this watery condition. But, when Governor Gillett banned the fight and it was moved to Reno, the fix went into San Francisco Bay, and a terrified, out of shape ex-champ realized he was in for a shellacking. The state in which he entered the ring was called pitiful by unbiased onlookers — although Jeffries later came to believe he had been drugged with a dope so powerful it

—*turn to page 32*

Greatest Fight Movie Ever Filmed!
CAN NOW BE YOURS

JOE LOUIS
vs
ARTURO GODOY

SEE THE GREAT JOE LOUIS AT THE PEAK OF HIS BRILLIANT CAREER

The year was 1940. The crowd sat hushed with electric anticipation in Yankee Stadium as Joe Louis was about to meet his toughest test. Godoy had gone the full 15 rounds of slashing, toe-to-toe combat in their previous fight and was now ready to cut the proud champion to ribbons if he could. The second Louis-Godoy fight is a classic. This extraordinary film records every furious minute of fighting with slow-motion inserts that show the highlights with incredible detail. This film, complete with blow-by-blow narration is a true collector's item for your film library.

YOUR COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

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BOX 46744, LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.
Please rush me the complete Louis-Godoy fight film as checked below:

____16mm, 720 ft. sound.....$50.00
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____8mm, 360 ft., silent.....$15.00

Enclosed is $____cash, ____check, ____money order) for the full amount.

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TINSEL *from page 31*

lailed to leave his system lor 17 years!

The drug that had slowed him was fea.

Tex decided to enter the eattle busiiess in Paraguay, where he became a rancher on a fantastic scale in the Gran Chaco, and entertained all sorts ol distinguished visitors, inclnding Teddy Roosevelt and some of his soos; driving them 'aronnd in a $10,000 enstom-built Rolls Royce until it became hopelessly bogged io Paragnayan mnd and had to be abandoned. He also took a circus aronnd Sonth Amerlea nntil, on discovering it cost him less per day in Buenos Aires swankiest hostelry than a local stable owner charged to pnt up his three jaguars, he eracked, "Them eats is living higher than me."

With bnsiness thriving, the Rickards retnrned to New York in 1915. While Johnson took a dive to Jess Willard in Havana, shielding his eyes from the snn with his gloves as the referee counted him out, Tex and Edith Mae were on the high seas.

Tex was promptly enmeshed in prizefight promotion again. He stole the Willard-Frank Moran title bont from Jimmy Johnston, the rightfully called "boy bandit", who gonged ont everything bnt Tex's eyeballs in retaliation before permitting the fight to go on. It was held at Madison Sqnare Garden and proved to be a dnll dnd ol dreadoughts (Willard weighed 252, Moran some 50 pounds less), but grossed $152,000 lor an iodoor record and a $42,000 net profit lor Tex. He said, "I'm satisfied the fight was a sneeess. The pnblie has no kick, and yon newspaper lellows can't say anything terrible about me."

Rickard's next big promotion was staged in Toledo, Ohio, on July 4, 1919 — boxing having been ontlawed in New York. "There, in temporary wooden stands, a young vandal named Jack Dempsey broke the bones and career of Jess Willard, who proved both unwilling and nnable to leave his stool lor the lonrth ronnd. The temperature was 122° Fabrenheit in the sun that afternoon, and the paid attendance was less than 20,000 — yet so snre was Rickard's magic touch that the fight grossed $452,522! Tex's greatest achievement, the $1,000,000 gate, was just around the corner!

This eame on July 2, 1921, in a ramshackle temporary stadium called Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, when some 80,000 rabid fans paid $1,553,422.15 to watch a highly unpopular Dempsey (he was enoneously but popnlarly supposed to be a wife and draft-beater) blast a used-np light heavyweight from Paris, one Georges Carpentier, into oblivion in the third segment of their scheduled bout.

By this time, Rickard was running the Garden and making it the greatest sporting success the world has ever known. He fought with Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, ol vice versa (Kearns, a huge ego, conld never bear the lact that Tex got most of the pnblicity in his promotions), and thns avoided the disastrous Dempsey-Gibbons promotion in Shelby, Mootana. Boxing became legal, and Tex survived a flagrant lrameup whose perpetrators attempted to convict him ol molesting young girls when he telused to pay them blackmail.

Then Luis Angel Firpo showed up from his native Argentina, and the labnlous Texan was able to promote his second seven-figure gate, totaling some $1,127,882, in New York City's Polo Grounds on September 14, 1923, when the so-called "Wild Bull of the Pampas" knocked Dempsey out of the ring and survived a dozen knockdowns himself before taking the eount in Round Two.

Before his retirement less than five years later, and his death in 1929, Rickard was to promote three more million-dollar gates — $1,895,728 to Philadelphia in 1926 to see Gene Tnnney rob Dempsey of his crown; $1,083,529 in the Yankee Stadinm in Jnly, 1927, to see Dempsey knock out Jack Sharkey; and the all-time topper, $2,658,000 to Chicago's Soldier Field, to see the famons "battle of the long eonnt", in which Tnnney retained his title against Dempsey. Before his retirement, Tunney fought a tight delensive Australian named Tom Heeney at the Stadium and drew $691,014, in the snmmer of 1928.

Rickard was busy as ever. He still had his Paraguayan interest, his beloved Edith Mae died and he remarried, he built the new Madison Sqnare Garden that remains today the world's indoor sports eapitol. He died early in 1929, mercifnlly before the crash and depression that might conceivably have entailed his dreams. But he left the Garden, the Million-Dollar Gate and the name Tex Rickard behind him. All three are still magically alive.

Rickard was sneeeeded as Garden boss, first by Jimmy Johnston, the nolonger-a-boy bandit, who operated dnring the depression years, then by Mike Jacobs, who had been one of Tex's most valued supporters via the finanee ronte in tennn lor lreedom to mark np a certain number of well-placed tickets to the Texan's shows. Bnt Mike, lor all his astuteness, was a pale nninaginative carbon copy of the great man, a shrewd dealer but one whose eye and interest were wholly on the bucks, not the dream.

It was said of Jacobs by a longtime acquaintance that, though he was handsome as a youth, "money made him ngly." Certainly, gambler-honest, generons Tex Rickard would never have left a meal ticket like Joe Louis in the lamentable and hopeless income-tax snarl lor which Jacobs' advice and handling of lunds was largely il not wholly responsible. Mike had the promotional abilty, bnt he lacked the flair and the wide-open tonch. The great showman makes his dream pay off. Jacobs had no dream except greenbacks.

That more recent phenomenon who called himself Mike Todd was a showman of the true, Barnnm-Rickard type, however. Beginning as a youth-lnl real-estate operator in Chicago, this son of an impoverished Midwestern Rabbi quickly tired of merely making money and gravitated inexorably into show-bnsiness. Like his two mighty predeeessors, he was dynamic, imaginative, indelatigable and immensely likable. Like them, ol course, he made enemies, but like them, he also held the devotion of his lriends. Like them he rewarded those who were loyal to him.

Taking the profits from a carny-type promotion in the Chicago World's Fair of 1932, he eame sprinting np through the depression of the '30's when men ol lesser guts and imagination were failing or rnnning ont of nerve. He blew a lortnne or two, then lit with a tabloid Gilbert and Snllivan "Hot Mikado" with an all-Negro east near the end of the decade, and ran this into a quarter of extravaganzas in New York's World's Fair of 1939-40. These profits he blew np still lnrther with a series of Broadway mnsical hits inelnding "Something lor 'the Boys" and "Star and Garter Revue."

He promptly went broke, recouped, went broke again, invested his ideas with the American Optical Company for a motion picture process that emerged as Todd-AO and soon was worth millions after the film success of "Oklahoma". He sold out lor a eonple of millions and tossed them, along with $4,500,000 borrowed from wherever he conld find it, into a giddy einematic spectacle called "Aronnd the World in Eighty Days", based npon Jnles Verne's old pot-boiler about the stuffy London clubman of a century ago who accomplished the inanperable imperturbably to win a tremendous wager.

The idea was not Todd's, ol course. Verne had it first, and Orson Welles did a colorful stage version some years back that was an artistic success but a financial debaele. But the movie was all Mike Todd. At a time when

the entire movie industry, harrassed by the inroads of television, by loss of foreign markets and theater control, as well as by the censorship of hypersensitive minority groups, was screaming, "Retrench!", Todd plunged ahead, spending money like the proverbial drunken sailor.

What's more, like all truly great promoters, he succeeded in employing wasteful extravagance to brilliant good use, not only for himself but for his audience. As a spectacle, "Around the World" is the greatest movie ever made—and as a film it ranks well up near the top. It will be viewed with delight by millions for many years to come.

In his personal life, Todd lived up to his professional ideal of the flamboyant showman at least as fully as his predecessors. His huge cars with their two telephones, his private plane, his enormous parties for up to 18,000 "friends", his romances, his wives, his cigars, his appalling poker losses, his travels all over the world—these bear the stamp of the true showman as much as his achievements on stage and screen.

According to his obituaries, even his death was a triumph of staging. He was flying to a New York testimonial dinner when he died, and dying with him was a well known author, Art Cohn, who was at the time engaged in writing a memoir entitled "The Nine Lives of Mike Todd". Author and entrepreneur were both troubled by the problem of an ending for the book, which was why Cohn was on the plane with him. "How are you going to top *this* story?," was Todd's reported question.

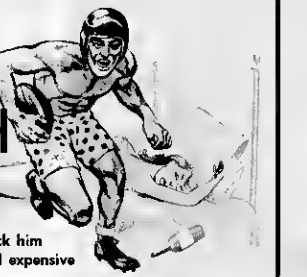
Mike found his finale—the hard way, but he certainly achieved the climax he sought.

What makes such giants different? Why does a Barnum, a Rickard, a Todd stand out among men like Chevalier Wykoff, William A. Brady, Florenz Ziegfield, Mike Jacobs or Cecil B. DeMille, great showmen all? The answer seems to lie somewhere in the area of likability. Their great talents were enhanced by a basic goodnature not even the worst adversities could ruffle—at least outwardly. Where their opponents wore grim poker faces under pressure, these men could and did not fear to smile. They won friendship, even love, from the masses whose money they took.

When will the next big one come along? Who knows. But he'll turn up, probably pretty soon. America needs public figures it can like and love, and what the country needs it usually supplies. So keep your eyes open and get in on the fun.

by H. H. GENTILE

PLUNGE THROUGH CENTER



Their scheme to block him was infallible—and expensive

DOLLY CAME STAGgering out of the bedroom and rejoined Joe in the kitchen. Although it was mid-November, the flights were long, the first greyish hints of dawn filtered through the Venetian blinds.

"Glory!" said Dolly, putting down the quart of vodka from which she had just imbibed a healthy swig. "Lord, I needed that. The boy ain't human, that's all."

She was too tired to be concerned about her virility, as she slumped into a chair and rested disheveled blonde hair on the white-topped table. Joe, a dark, hairy little man with a blue chin and the stump of a cigar stuck in one corner of his mouth, said, "How's Bea making out?"

"She's got him now," said Dolly, looking to reveal a pretty face at the moment haggard and washed out. "Don't ask me—the man's insatiable."

Joe permitted himself to grin and rubbed his bare stomach—he was clad only in a pair of striped shorts. "That's what the deal's all about, kiddo," he said. "The Leopards will lose by two touchdowns without Gabe going full blast. And we figure to mop up a nice piece of change with the odds like they are."

"Yeah," the girl said dully as she reached again for the bottle. What I wanna know is whoever spread that lie about athletes being lousy lovers." She took a drink and again rested her head on her forearms.

"Stay in there and keep pitching," Joe said blithely, already counting his winnings as of 5 o'clock that afternoon.

"Who's pitching?" Dolly asked dourly. "Gabe's pitching. We're catching, that's all, Joe."

A few minutes later, Gabe Stillman came into the kitchen, filling the doorframe with his red-headed massivity. He beamed at Joe, helped himself to a swig of vodka and said, "A hell of a party, fellow—how about cutting yourself in on some of the fun?"

"How's Bea?" Joe asked.

"Terrific!" said Gabe. "Almost as good as this chick here." He gave the wilted Dolly an all-too-intimate pat. And, again to Joe, "This is one hell of a fine party, Joe. You're the best friend a guy like me ever had."

"You're a good friend of mine, too, Gabe," Joe informed the star pro-football player smugly. "For my friends, nothing is too good."

"You can say that again, Joe," Gabe informed him. "Here I was, figuring I was a bit over the edge for this big one today—you know, all tensed up—and you cut me loose with a deal like this."

"Have another drink," said Joe amiably.

"Why not?" countered Gabe, suiting action to the words. Then, pulling Dolly to her feet, "Your turn again now, beautiful. You little pal is catching herself a fast forty winks."

Dolly half-hummed, half-moaned, "I'm Heading for the Last Roundup" as she wearily let the all-league fullback lead her back to the slaughter.

It was about noon when Gabe put down the bottle, looked at the kitchen clock, burped and said, "What do you know? Time to be getting out to the park, kids. You coming along to watch Otd Gabe do his stuff this afternoon?"

"We'll catch it over radio," said Dolly faintly.

"That's right," said Joe.

"Remember," Gabe informed him, "we all got a date right here for after the game."

"Sure thing," said brunette Bea wearily.

They listened, more asleep than awake, as Gabe Stillman turned loose his most devastating performance against the Panthers that afternoon before a crowded stadium. A packed stadium went wild as the redheaded fullback plunged for three touchdowns against the home eleven.

"It's impossible," muttered a distraught Joe. "Nobody can do what he's doing after doing what he did."

"Oh my God!" moaned Bea. "And he's coming back for more!"

ADAM's Eve

Her women are as roses, whose flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

—SHAKESPEARE
Twelfth Night

Her impact upon this sterile, stodgy monument to Togetherness, was shattering, but refreshing

the Venus of Cormorant Court

by DEVEREAUX WILLIAME

VISTA VILLAGE was not a village at all. Nor was it a town or a city, though it had schools and churches and a shopping center, and some seven thousand families living in its neat little no-two-alike houses and in the sterile modern apartments that centered around its crescent courts. Vista Village was a monument to the modern American spirit of Togetherness, one of those mushroom-built communities erected by an enterprising contractor to meet the housing shortage that followed World War Two.

It was a community of young executives and their children, of eager young corporation sub-officers and their college-bred wives, a stepping-stone city in which few families remained more than two or three years, virtually none more than five. It was a place where everyone felt himself in the same boat, where families, knowing their months of residence were numbered by the facts of corporative promotion, sought to mask the transient nature of their life through an aggressive neighborliness and civic organization, where the deviant and the naturally solitary found themselves forced into the communal norm of incessant amiability or placed in an unspoken coventry from which only departure could save them.

Vista Village was a community in which to be different in any direction was the work of the enemy, and Cormorant Court (all the courts were named after birds — Mynha, Nuthatch, Blnejay and so on) was a small, tightly knit communal organism in its very heart. Which, perhaps, was why the brief impact of Jim and Mabel Compaid affected its residents, the Bakers, the Martins, the Kemps and the others, so disproportionately.

Phyllis Martin, as the oldest resident of Cormorant Court (her husband had not been transferred by his corporation for more than three years), called on the newcomers the morning after their arrival, when she saw Mabel park her little blue MG in the communal lot after driving Jim to the commuter's train and stroll lazily into her apartment across the courtyard with a cigaret dangling from her vermillion lips.

As Phyllis confessed ruefully when it was all over, she should have known before knocking that Mabel simply didn't belong in the close-cropped little community. For one thing, the MG was a deviation — not that it was especially smart or expensive, but because it was so utterly impractical for the children. Everyone in Vista Village had children — they swarmed over and under foot, fresh, friendly and utterly outgoing, like a herd of clumsy puppies, calling their elders by their first names, making tricycle-tiremarks on tiny, clipped patches of lawn, falling down, crying, laughing and getting impossibly dirty at all hours of the day when they weren't learning further Togetherness in one of the excellent modern schools. Because of them, the other families went in for sedans, for station wagons or suburbans in the low-to-moderate price brackets.

For another clue to Mabel's deviancy from the communal norm, there was her appearance. All the women effected capri pants, jeans or shorts, allied to shirts or sweaters during the day, but none of their shorts were as bright a red, as tight or as short as those

—*turn the page*

Her golden hair was aswirl,
her glorious body in sensual
motion, and the men
went wild with adulation.

VENUS, *from page 36*

Mabel wore — nor were their sweaters as tight.

"Of course," as Phyllis confessed later to Jane Baker and Peggy Kemp in Peggy's living room over cups of coffee (black) and crackers (low calorie, high vitamin), "none of us ever had a figure like Mabel, let's face it. After all . . ."

More, there was the long, limber, indolent grace with which Mabel moved. In its very ease, it was a blatant denial of the casual earnestness that was the hallmark of Vista Villagers of either sex. It simply oozed animal attractiveness.

"Come in, come in, whoever you are," Mabel called amiably in a voice unexpectedly deep and slightly husky, to Phyllis' knock. Phyllis found her stretched out lazily in an armchair, revealing a fascinating length of long, smooth limbs, smoking a cigaret and regarding a large color television set, something that again marked the Compairds as deviants, since none of the other residents of Cormorant Court boasted such an expensive novelty. Indeed, so deep ran Togetherness there, that it was considered poor taste to own any gadget or appliance beyond the neighborhood norm. Nor did Mabel turn off the set to listen to Phyllis' well-rehearsed speech of greeting.

Instead, she merely waved a long, graceful arm at the couch and said, "Pull up a chair, honey, and help yourself to coffee. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that the villain in this Western will catch the schoolmarm and do a real job on her before the hero comes busting in."

Feeling slightly stunned by such a variation from the usual, Phyllis sat down and watched, after pouring herself a cup of coffee, which, to her surprise, she found black, steaming and excellent, if somewhat unfamiliar in flavor. During a commercial break in the program, Mabel said, "The coffee's Italian, like my Old Man. He used to be an organ grinder before they made a law against them, and forced him to open a store. He wouldn't have any other kind of coffee in the house."

Like other responsible residents of Vista Village, Phyllis prided herself on being completely democratic. After all, not only was it essential for everyone to live in communal happiness if the corporate structure was to be maintained, but it was part of her husband's business life as well — the corporation he worked for was far too efficient to issue promotions on lines of caste or prestige. But the organ-grinder bit flattened her just a little.

Uneasily, she murmured, "It sounds very colorful."

"It wasn't," replied Mabel Compard. "But he made a pretty good buck at it for years without having to use his head. One thing my Old Man hated worse than poison was having to think."

"Oh . . ." said Phyllis. "He's no longer with us?"

"He kicked off three years ago last November," said Mabel. "Probably a good thing, too. He and I never saw eye-to-eye about anything, and he was really getting in my hair."

Phyllis gulped. Respect for one's parents, like respect for the dead, was inviolable. Feeling utterly at sea, she murmured, "I . . . we . . . I thought, if you need help getting settled, the girls will be glad to pitch in."

Mabel laughed, and Phyllis realized, like a blow in her stomach, that here was a truly, outstandingly beautiful woman. Mabel said, "So you can go over all our stuff?" Then, reacting to Phyllis' wounded-deer look. "Tell them thanks, but Jim and I got the job done last night. If there's anything you want to see, I'll show you around the joint . . ."

When she got home, and the other girls gathered around, Phyllis said, "I've got to hand it to her . . . she had the place as neat as a pin." And, with a despairing look around her own living room, which was never quite finished and was neat only when company was due, "It took me a month just to get unpacked."

"Well, with no children . . ." Peggy Kemp put in, adding, "Haven't they *any* plans?" She was very large, since in nine weeks she was expecting her third child.

Phyllis shrugged. "She *says* she doesn't want any . . . that the world's biggest problem is overpopulation and she doesn't intend to make it any worse."

"Imagine!" said Jane Baker, her near-sighted eyes round with wonder behind her brilliant-studded horn-rims.

"She doesn't sound exactly like one of us," mused Peggy.

"Remember," said Phyllis with only the faintest trace of snobbery, "not everyone has had the advantages we've had. We've got to help her adjust."

"Of course," said Peggy warmly.

"Naturally," said Jane. Then, thoughtfully, "I wonder what her husband's like."

"He works for the Caton Corporation," said Phyllis, her brown eyes on Peggy Kemp, whose husband was a junior management executive for that immense industrial complex.

No one said anything, but there was tacit agreement among them as the kaffee-klatch broke up for individual details on the domestic duty front — lunches to prepare for the kids, babies to feed, committee reports to fill out.

"Go on . . . *feel that material . . . girls just love it . . . men too . . . I know that I do . . .*"

The unspoken decision was that more information was needed before a verdict was rendered in the case of Mabel Compard.

Peggy's report was disappointing when delivered the next morning, after the children were off to school. Jim Compard worked for Caton, all right, but not in the mainstream of channeled management careerdom. "Will says he's stuck off by himself somewhere, and no one knows exactly what he does," she admitted, adding, "But he says Jim seems nice. He rode home with him on the train last night. Will says he's sort of standoffish, though."

"How odd!" said Phyllis, frowning.

"Oh, well," said Jane, "maybe he's some sort of egghead or something." The word *egghead* was pronounced with faint but definite distaste.

"Will hasn't found out yet," said Peggy.

The three women, to whom any mystery of background or personality was a challenge, exchanged long, slow glances. It was Jane who said, "Maybe we'd better have a party and ask them over."

It was the next day the bombshell struck. That evening, as Jane gave three-year-old Doris a bath before supper, Doris, a wide-eyed, incurably friendly moppet, pointed a soapy finger at her middle and said, "Mummy, this *is* my belly-button, isn't it?"

"Of course, dear," said Jane, brushing back a strand of brown hair from from forehead with the back of a damp hand. "Why do you ask?"

"Because Mabel says she used to be belly button all over when she danced on the stage," the moppet said gravely. "I want to be a belly button all over, too."

It was too good to keep, of course. Later that evening, when the three couples gathered, as usual on Thursdays, for the weekly game of canasta, Jane repeated the story. The women grew hysterical, and Phyllis, holding her stomach, gasped, "Oh, no, Jane, she *didn't!* A belly button all over! I wonder what Mabel really said."

The men had looked on with husbandly patience at a strictly wife-joke. Then Jane's husband Harry removed his pipe and said, "Golly, I wonder . . . when the company had me in New York, before I met Jane, the department chief took me out on the town. One of the places we went to was a night club where they had strippers. There *was* one they called something like that . . . Belle Button, I think it was. A tall, blonde stunner with a figure . . . *mmmmmh!* I haven't lamped our new neighbor yet. What's she look like?"

The girls exchanged swift glances, at least as pregnant as Peggy Kemp. Then Phyllis said, in a slightly strained voice, "A tall blonde stunner with a figure . . . *mmmmmh!*"

"You don't suppose . . ." muttered Harry. Slightly on the defensive, Willis Kemp said, "It doesn't seem possible . . . Jim Compard's such a retiring, unobtrusive sort of character."

"If you ask *me* . . ." began Peggy, and there was little canasta played that evening.

Since the morrow was Friday, with the weekend ahead, they threw the welcoming party. Because Willis Kemp worked for the same firm as Jim Compaid, their apartment was selected, and the others helped Peggy prepare, a ritual custom in Cormorant Court, where Togetherness reigned supreme. There were husbands, the wives and martinis on hand, along with a couple of varieties of the sort of "Mexican" popped corn appetizers obtainable at the supermarket. The children had been bundled off to Jane's apartment, where a bespectacled sixteen-year-old did sitting honors at $1.50 per hour.

Otherwise, according to custom again, there was deliberate informality. The men were slacks or Bermudas, and open-throat sports-shirts. Save that they had washed, curled their hair and donned rather more makeup than usual, the women might have wandered over from their daily house-chores—they were shorts and Capris, as usual.

Sartorially, the newcomers were impeccably Gronpfnl — outwardly, at least. Jim, a lean but compact young man with a dark, quiet smile and a slight diffidence of manner, was clad in gray-flannel slacks and a short-sleeved open shirt. Mabel, like Phyllis, wore dark shorts and a white tie-around shirt.

But there similarity ended. With her perfectly cut features, her bright blue eyes and bright golden hair, above all, with her magnificent, disciplined body, she resembled the others about as closely as a bird-of-paradise resembles a gaggle of geese. She was amiable and ontgoing enough, even offering to help Peggy in the kitchen, but the minute they saw the go-lights appear in their husbands' eyes, the other wives knew they had had it.

Jane, who tended to be sensitive and therefore indiscreet when pregnant, compounded the disaster, after a couple of martinis, by breaking through the ring around Mabel and cooing, "My Doris says you told her you used to dance on the stage, Mabel. I'd love to see you do a few steps for us. Won't you, please?"

Phyllis and Peggy exchanged a glance of sheer horror, feeling embarrassment both for Jane and the newcomer. But Mabel merely pushed back the golden hair that the others, to their added horror, were beginning to realize was

—*turn to page 58*

Adam

CHINESE THEATRE

"Okay, go ahead — but I hope no one falls in the holes and sues me."

Adam

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PUNISHMENT, *from page 6*

However, Lorna was a woman, and women were Crawford's specialty. He preferred dealing with them to dealing with men, for a number of sound and tested reasons. One, of course, was the matter of his own sensual pleasure, a large item in Crawford's scheme of living. Two, he understood them far better than he understood men. Three, he preferred working with and through the fair sex because its members were more vulnerable to the pressures he knew how to apply to them, more loyal once their emotions were stirred his way, far more likely to evoke confidences from both men and women, and, finally, less likely to get caught. If they *were* caught, it was invariably easier for them to get off scot free or, at any rate, with a minimum of punishment.

Since the murdered man, whatever his personal shortcomings, had been a high-grade and exceedingly successful journalist, Crawford employed his social connections — he belonged to that ultra-exclusive Eastside all-male mausoleum, the Papyrus Club — to make connections with some of the murdered man's colleagues.

Expressing interest in the case, he found them willing to discuss it freely — and, unlike Rawlings' sister, quite certain that the crime-buster's ruthless gunning down in the parking lot behind his home was a bit of spectacular underworld revenge for Rawlings' hard-hitting articles for a weekly magazine.

"He was hitting them where it hurt right along," said a grizzled ex-city editor over a cup of Irish coffee. "I'm surprised he didn't get it long before he did."

"I see," said Crawford speculatively. "You don't suppose then that something else could have been behind it?"

"Not likely!" was the retort through a white mustache of heavy whipped cream. "Not billy-be-damned likely, Crawford! Hal was straight as a string personally. Didn't swear, drink or smoke. Always kept himself in top shape physically at the Athletic Club."

"And that's not a motive for murder, I suppose?" the detective offered softly.

The news veteran regarded him blankly, then chuckled. "You might have something there," he said. "But if you ever met his wife — widow, I mean — you'd know. Both of them — straight as two strings."

"If she's as attractive as I've heard," suggested the investigator, "I'd like very much to meet her."

The ex-editor put down his mug. "I've heard you're rather a dog with the ladies," he said.

"Don't believe *everything* you hear," Crawford put in with unabashed false modesty.

"Where there's smoke, there's fire and all that," said the newsman. "I might just take you up on it. Lorna's been pretty low since it happened. Police underfoot in her time of grief and all that. It's just possible you might buck her up, old fellow, mind you, making a play won't get you out of the batter's box."

"I take it the voice of experience is speaking," said the investigator, smiling.

"You take it correctly. And now, before we go over there, I'd like one more of these abominable snowmen you're drinking."

"You mean abdominal snowmen, don't you?" suggested Crawford, signaling the waiter for a refill.

LORNA RAWLINGS had long, ash-blonde hair, heavy and almost straight, that fell to her shoulders in neo-page-boy style. She had long, pale-blue circles under her eyes and an interesting, well-boned face matched by the interesting, well-boned body her black wool jersey dress did more to reveal than conceal. Her lips were full and pale pink without a trace of makeup, and a saddle of small golden freckles dusted the bridge of her nose. Her eyes were grey-blue and revealed inner sniffeting that only a deeply passionate woman of spirit and sensitivity can feel.

The question, Crawford decided, was what she was suffering from — the murder of her husband, guilt for having murdered him, anger at his having been killed, or frustration at finding herself involved in a police murder investigation. It was, he decided, important both to Lorna and himself that he find out. His curiosity had triple roots — in his mind, in his sex impulses, and in his pocketbook.

The detective waited until his sponsor, obviously feeling the effects of the Irish coffee he had consumed, excused himself from the trio, almost antiseptically neat Rawlings living room. Then he said, "I'm going to suggest a drive in the country, Lorna. My Jaguar is downstairs."

She hesitated, distrust and desire to accept battling it out across the plain of her sensitive, sensual features. Desire to accept won. "I think I'd like that," she said quietly. "Especially with a stranger. My friends all want to talk."

He understood. He said, "My car only holds two — comfortably."

She nodded and rose, returning a moment later with a blue and white silk kerchief tied over her head. "I look like hell," she said frankly.

"You look — interesting," he told her. The quick flash of her blue-grey

eyes informed him he had said the right thing. When the ex-editor emerged, the three of them left the apartment together.

Downstairs, in the lobby, Lorna Rawlings paused at the switchboard. "If there are any calls," she told the operator, "I'm out for a drive." As she rejoined the men, she said, "I know this kerchief is all wrong, but it's the nearest thing to mourning I have. There's been so little time . . ."

Crawford didn't bother replying. He got rid of his sponsor tactfully on the sidewalk, ushered Lorna into his little red sports-car. They drove off without a word, and the silence lasted until they were deep into Jersey. Crawford let it ride. Lorna interested him in a number of ways. She offered a number of puzzles he enjoyed trying to solve.

As he turned toward the shore road and Rumson, she looked at him and said, "why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to," he told her.

She digested this for several miles. He noticed the run in her left stocking and the fact that the clasp on her black suede handbag didn't work. He thought about the hospital-neat apartment in which she lived. He wondered what she had done with the murder weapon, how she had managed to keep it hidden from the police — or, if she had disposed of it, how.

He stopped at a quiet motel he knew of, with a pleasant, quiet bar-and-restaurant. He bought her a drink, and then another, and talked amusingly, lightly, of personalities he believed might interest her. He asked her no questions, although he could sense the question that was bothering her increasingly. He found her quite enchanting.

Finally, she put down her glass and looked at him with open curiosity in her huge, dark-circled, grey-blue eyes. She said, "Why are you doing this?"

"Because you're one of the most attractive women I've ever met," he told her.

Her laugh was low and slightly embarrassed. "But I look perfectly awful," she told him.

He shook his head, extended a forefinger and touched first one, then the other, of the rings under the grey-blue eyes. "They become you," he said. "In fact, they make you irresistible."

"I wish — " she began, then halted abruptly. In lighter tone, she said, "Isn't this rather an expensive way to earn a compliment?"

"That," he said quietly, "depends entirely upon what it gains you."

Her eyes were suddenly veiled. "What do you mean?" she asked him.

His smile was as slow and implacable as the gesture with which his fingers captured one of her wrists on the tablecloth. "I mean exactly what you think I do," he told her. "I want you very much — not tomorrow, not next week, not next month, right now."

It was a crisis-moment. Had he not sensed from their moment of introduction that he had stirred her as a man, he would not have dared make such an outrageous proposal so soon. Along with his awareness of her response went other understanding — that here was a thoroughly shattered woman, close to the breaking point. Her quiet, the low pitch of her voice, the thoughtful economy of her gestures — all bespoke not serenity but the iron self-control of desperation. Behind the facade lay tensions and passions piled up like electricity in a thundercloud. Here was a woman in critical need of neuro-emotional release. And he knew only one way of granting it to her.

She opened her pale, full, pink lips to tell him to take her home at once. She closed them slowly, her eyes on his. Then her regard fell away, and a look of surprise crept over her beautiful face. She said, "I must be out of my mind."

He had won.

There was nothing of love, nothing gentle, in what happened on a large, soft double bed in one of the motel cabins. Once Lorna released her tight rein, she was all primitive woman — so primitive, so inexhaustibly demanding, that, for once, the investigator found himself hard put to it to play the full partner in such an encounter. There was delight, of course — there had to be — but there was also a touch of something close to madness in the fury of her fulfillment.

When sanity returned, she lay nude beside him, panting and whimpering with the aftermath of passion not fully faded. She half-rose, turning toward him and clasping his lean face between her hands. Looking into his eyes, she said incredulously, "This didn't happen. I *couldn't* have!"

"What does your body tell you?" he countered.

"But I've never in my life done anything like this with a man I didn't know."

"I hope you'll consider it a proper introduction — or an improper one," said Crawford, freeing his face and sitting up himself to kiss her gently on the lips.

"Don't joke!" She was close to tears. "It musn't ever, *ever,* happen again."

"Ever," he told her, tenderly fondling the delights of the lovely body, "is a long, long time."

She gasped, went rigid in his hands, then relaxed into rhythmic response. "You musn't, darling," she whispered. "You *mustn't!*"

"Why not?" he countered.

"Because — " She was speaking with difficulty now. "Because there's — someone else."

Even as her body responded again to his embrace, she tried to fight him. When it was over, she lay with her eyes shut, utterly exhausted. As if it were a chant, she repeated, "Darling, there's someone else . . . darling, there's someone else."

"Can I help it if Nick Jessup's a damned fool — or worse?" Crawford said.

Her gasp, this time, contained alarm, surprise, rather than ecstasy. Her eyes opened, and she sat up. She said, "You know about Nick — and me."

"I do," he told her.

"Then why . . . ?"

He finished lighting a pair of cigarets, handed her one. "I can assure you it's not because I want Nick Jessup's leftovers," he informed Lorna. "Perhaps it's because I sensed your need. Or, perhaps, because of my own."

"My — need?" she asked in a whisper.

"Your need," he assured her. "It must be about the most horrible thing that can happen to a woman — to kill her husband for love of another man, only to have him give her the proverbial air."

It was a double-eagle, a 300 string, a perfect day at the track. Her eyes round, her lips parted, she whispered, "How did you know?"

"A number of things," he told her, "Among them, information that seems to have escaped the police. Among other things, the fact that Hal Rawlings was an unspeakable heel who never gave you the slightest opportunity to get rid of him. The police and press are still convinced he was something of a little white god, waving his stainless steel banner on high as he battled the criminal elements."

"Go on," she told him.

"Your home looks and feels and smells like a hospital dispensary. Yet you are a woman who likes to drop her lingerie wherever she feels like dropping it, who doesn't care overmuch about neatness, who enjoys dropping an occasional ash on the rug for the sheer devil of it."

"It was a nightmare," she told him. "An unbelievable, living nightmare!"

"At least," he said thoughtfully, "you seem to like variety in heels — first Sir Galahad, then Nick Jessup, now me."

"Nick's no heel," she said, gripping his biceps hard. "And there is no you."

"I can change your mind about that," he told her, pulling her close

—*turn to page 42*

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so that her breasts were crushed against him.

"Don't!" she cried in pleading panic. "Please don't, Terry. Haven't you done enough already?"

"There is no such word," he said, releasing her. "Perhaps I'd be wiser to change your mind about Jessup."

"Who are you?" she asked wildly "Why are you doing this?"

"For exactly two reasons," he replied blintly, "one of which you should already be able to figure out for yourself. Revelation of the other will have to wait."

"You're the most horrible man I've ever met," she told him, almost in disbelief.

"At your service," he replied. "Shall I take the first shower, or would you rather?"

She fled to the bathroom like a very frightened, very beautiful cat.

CRAWFORD DROVE a silent, shattered Lorna Rawlings back to the city. She said nothing until he pulled the Jaguar to a halt in front of her apartment house. Then, her grey-blue eyes searching, her voice very low, she said, "What are you going to do about me?"

"That," he told her, "is up to you." Then, seeing the look of horror on her face, "Don't worry, dear — I have no intention of turning you over to the police They seem to have given you a clean bill of health, and my mere say-so as to your confession would hardly earn you a conviction."

"Then" — the tip of her little pink tongue appeared, and she moistened her sensual lips — "then what do you mean — it's up to me?"

"I was speaking of a future renewal of our more personal relations."

"But it never happened!" she said with panic in her undertones. "It's got to be like that."

"Has it?" he countered. He laid a hand against the side of her face, felt the involuntary, responsive pressure of her soft flesh before she pulled away. He added, "There will be no calls — at least none from Nick."

"How do you know?" she countered, her eyes ablaze with fright or anger — or, perhaps, a mixture of both.

"Because," he replied patiently, "Nick Jessup goes where the money is — and you husband didn't leave you enough."

"You — *bastard!*" she said in a whisper. "You rotten, dirty bastard."

"I," he told her, "am exactly as clean as you are, dear. Cleaner, since I have never murdered a mate. You might remember that, while you're alone up there. My number and address are in the book."

He left her standing on the sidewalk, staring after him. His next move, he decided, was to take a long look at Nick Jessup, the man who had driven Lorna to shoot her husband. And here an unexpected complication arose — for, when he caught up with the tall, fair man-about-town at a smart supper club in the East Fifties, Jessup was seated across a table from silvery-curled Henrietta Rawlings, his employer.

As something of a man-about-town himself, Crawford knew Jessup slightly. Since taking on the case for Henrietta, he had also taken the trouble to brief himself on the Jessup dossier. Handsome, easy-going, outwardly romantic, Jessup was a type not uncommon to the world's great metropolitan centers and more expensive resorts — the successful male courtesan. Though he was born to wealth, Nick's parents had lost their money while their son was still in prep school. After sundry semi-menial jobs, his looks, name and charm had caused a sex-hungry society divorcee to pick him up as her personal plaything.

Since then, Jessup had trod the pink-champagne path. He was sophisticated, charming, utterly ruthless and on the verge of becoming passe — the ultimate nightmare for all men and women on the big-time make. Otherwise, he would never have troubled himself with such relative financial small-fry as Lorna Rawlings or, now, the ubiquitous Henrietta. Apart from the Hal Rawlings murder, there were other unsavory blots on the Nick Jessup record — a jewel-pawning jam that had almost put the playboy in prison, a trio of messy and spectacular divorces, a number of beatings or attempted beatings by outraged husbands, the suicide of a cabaret hat-check chick who had been unlucky enough to fall for Nick and become irremediably pregnant by him.

Crawford watched them from a bar-side point of vantage, thinking over the situation. Perhaps because he had marked her for future, extremely personal investigation, the detective found Henrietta's present behavior distasteful. Looking at their two fair heads, close together in a wall banquette, he reflected on the fact that the case seemed to have involved only blondes. There were silver-blonde Henrietta and ash-blonde Lorna; her defunct husband had been fair of hair, as was Nick Jessup. Crawford glanced at his own dark, close-cropped hair in the backbar mirror and wondered briefly what he was doing in such company.

Then he looked back at Henrietta and Nick Jessup, saw them rise to dance on the postage-stamp floor. Henrietta, he discovered, handled the cha-

cha-cha as if she were a Latin — and Nick, of conrse, danced like a professional. He saw him draw her close, on the edge of the floor, noted the undulating readiness of her response. He put down his glass and went to a telephone.

GETTING TO Peter Vallo took a bit of doing. Dark, tough, suave, inscrutable, Vallo was one of the real powers behind the big-time underworld. His name had never appeared on a police blotter, his picture had never appeared in the tabloids or Sunday supplements. But Crawford knew him, knew how to reach him, jnst as Vallo knew the truth about Crawford. The investigator made it a point never to deal in outsiders, but in this instance, if he was to fulfill his assignment and allot punishment properly where it belonged, he needed Vallo's help. As an impeccable English butler ushered him into the lushly anstere library of the underworld mogul's penthouse, Crawford found the chorus of the Mikado's famous song from the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta of the same name running inescapably through his head.

". . . to let the punishment fit the crime, the punishment fit the crime . . ."

Vallo noted the faint smile on his face and said, "Something funny?"

"That," Crawford told him, "depends upon the point of view. Tell me, Vallo, do you still have any strings on Elaine Parris?"

Vallo's eyes went cold. "Did you come here merely to ask me that?" he inquired chillingly.

"It's part of what I have in mind," Crawford admitted. "Do yon still have any strings on her?"

Vallo scowled, then sighed. "The Parris broad," he replied, "is one of my few mistakes — just as she is one of yonrs."

"Tonche," said the detective. "I have a little scheme in mind that jnst might get her a fraction of what she has coming to her. But first, how do you feel about the Hal Rawlings killing?"

Quietly, the underworld ruler replied, "I'd give one million dollars to get my hands on the man who shot Rawlings."

"So . . . ?" inquired Crawford as his host paused ruminatively.

"So he kicked up a little fnss with his articles," Vallo, went on. "These things we expect from time to time — they're all part of the game. But with Rawlings dead — murdered — the police and the D.A. are cracking down all over town. It's costing us plenty. That's why I'd give a million bucks to get my hands on the man who put those bullets through him."

"Yon don't want the person who fired the gnn," Crawford told him. "In the first place, it's not a man — his wife shot him. In the second place, the hue-and-cry is going to run its course anyway, no matter what is done now. In the third place, Lorna Rawlings is not the person really responsible for his death."

"Who is then?" Vallo asked softly.

Crawford said, "A professional heel named Nick Jessnp. One way or another, he pnt Lorna up to it."

"Jessnp?" Vallo thought it over. Then he said, "Why do you want Elaine Parris? I've got that double-crossing broad nnder wraps. You think you can get her off my back? She's driving me nnts with her Goddan high-society, pink-tea crap. Me, I'm strictly a lasagna gny at heart, and never mind the limmings." He made a gesture at the magnificance snrrounding him, then repeated, "Why do yon want Elaine, Crawford?"

Crawford told him what he had in mind, and a gleam of sheer malicious delight appeared in the underworld chief's dark eyes, a gleam that grew and blended with appreciation and respect as Crawford laid ont the details. "Yon want it this way?" he concluded.

"It will be a pleasnre," said Vallo, offering his guest a humidor of specially blended Havana cigars. "A most enjoyable pleasnre!" Then, with regret, "It's a pity you aren't with ns."

"I do better as I am," Crawford told him. "Thanks all the same."

They discussed details of the campaign they were about to launch together for another hour and a quarter. Then Crawford went home and to bed in his comfortable three-room apartment ovalooking Gramercy Park. He slept the sleep of the just.

Henrietta woke him up at 9 o'clock the next morning. She was obviously annoyed. She said, "I just learned you took Lorna ont on my money yesterday. What do you think yon're trying to do, Crawford?"

"Earn my money and save yours," he replied. "You can't afford Nick Jessnp."

There was a moment of silence. Then, "I'm beginning to think I can't afford you, either, Crawford."

"How would you know?" he countered. "You haven't been to bed with me — yet."

He hung up, satisfied that his client was seething, and lit a cigarct, sitting nnde on the edge of the bed. Then he picked up the phone again and dialed Lorna Rawlings. It was early, but she was already awake. The expectancy in her "Hello?" was pitiful.

"Sorry to disappoint you, baby," he told her, "but this is Captain Nemo."

—*turn to page 44*

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PUNISHMENT, *from page 43*

"Captain who?"

"Captain Nemo — you know, like the Jules Verne character in 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea'. You said it didn't happen and that I didn't exist, or words to that effect."

"Oh — Terry Crawford." Her voice withdrew a half-dozen dimensions.

"I know — I'm not Nick Jessup," he said needlessly. "But I merely wished to make a small gesture of grateful affection."

"It's nice of you."

"It's downright, damned tremendous," he insisted. "Also, if I were you, I wonldn't wait around for Nick to ring you up. That boy follows the money around. I saw him out with Henrietta last night, and things were very cozy indeed."

"Oh . . . !" Shocked but still a long way off. Then, *"Oh!"* Then, "You're trying to torment me."

"I am, but it's true," he informed her. He named the club and hung up. After scratching his bare stomach thoughtfully, he called his florist and ordered two-dozen long-stemmed yellow roses to be sent to Lona. "Sign the card 'Captain Nemo'," he informed the order clerk.

He dawdled in his bath, shaved and dressed in leisurely fashion, then taxied uptown to the Papyrus Club for brunch. It was 11:32 when he pressed the buzzer of Elaine Parris' apartment in a smart converted mansion not far from the club.

Elaine, her pink-champagne hair piled high on her head, opened it, said, "You son of a bitch!", and tried to shut it again. Crawford applied a little force, sufficient to get him inside the luminous suite and deposit Elaine upon the wall-to-wall carpeting.

She said bitterly, looking up at the detective in charming disarray, "Peter Vallo told me to stay in for a caller, but he didn't tell me it was you!"

"You don't seem exactly glad to see me," said Crawford, looking mock-injured.

As she pulled herself back on her feet, Elaine told him with singular wealth of obscenity, delivered in deep, delightfully cultured accents, just how glad she was to see him again. In their previous encounter, Elaine had attempted to elope with a large sum of money belonging to one of Crawford's clients. Since she was supposedly working for him, he had considered the move dirty chess and had horse-whipped her when he caught up with her.

Finally, glaring at him, hands on hips, she said, "What in hell do you want?"

"I'm trying to give you a break," said Crawford thoughtfully. "Since Vallo is tired of you, you could use one. You should have played it straight with him, Elaine. Girls like you don't often get a second chance."

"What if I won't play?" she countered defiantly.

"Do you really think it would be wise to have both Peter and me after you scalp?" he asked thoughtfully.

She crumbled there before him. After a couple of false starts, she said, "What's the pitch?"

"You take Nick Jessup," Crawford told her. "Know him?"

"Sure I know him — know who he is, I mean," she said. "He's good looking, but he's strictly a hustler."

"Not any more," the detective informer her. "Nick's coming into a bagful of dough. Some of his old man's enterprises are starting to pay off again. He isn't onto it yet, though."

"Why me?" Elaine asked cannily.

"Because," the detective told her drily, "your boy-friend, Vallo, wants a control edge once Nick gets his money. He wants you to marry him."

"Sure," said the girl bitterly. "He wants me to marry Nick Jessup. Jessup doesn't know I'm alive — why should he?"

"He will," Crawford replied. "Peter and I are staking you to a setup. You went to good schools before you turned tramp. You can play the divorcee with dough. I'll rig the meeting myself."

"No alternative?" she asked sharply.

"None whatsoever," he said. "At any rate, none you'd want to hear about. I still have my whip — and Vallo has his hoods. Better play ball, baby."

It took exactly six days to swing it. Alone in his apartment, Crawford sipped a brandy and read the columnar item in a tabloid gossip column. It ran —

Bon-vivant Terry Crawford played best man at the sudden marriage of man-about-town Nick Jessup and blonde divorcee Elaine Parris. The bride was her own best woman.

The job was done, and he chuckled inwardly at the sheer beauty of his own perfidy. He was rather expecting the phone to ring — but it was the doorbell that interrupted his amiable reverie.

Lona Rawlings stood there. When he had admitted her, she said, "That was a pretty rotten thing you did, Crawford. First you deprive me of my self-respect, then you deprive me of Nick."

"On the contrary . . ." Crawford began, but stopped when he saw the revolver she had pulled from her handbag. He said, "Oh, for God's sake! What on earth can you gain from killing me?"

"Nobody knows I'm here," she told him, her deeply circled eyes aglow with determination.

"That's right — to you, I'm nobody, old Captain Nemo himself," said Crawford. With an almost imperceptible motion of his hand, he flipped the contents of his glass directly into her face. Then, as she was gasping

Adam

"— I asked what a girl like her is doing in a place like this!"

and digging at her snddenly aching eyes, he scooped up the gun from the carpet. Only then did he obtain a towel and undo the temporary damage.

When he had her seated on the sofa, he hefted the gnn and said, "I've been worried about the police finding this, Lonna. Where'd you have it stashed?"

She told him, "In a locker at the Grand Central Station. I — I guess I mnst have been out of my head. I'm sorry — but you mnst admit you've given me cause."

The telephone rang. It was Henrietta, and she was boiling over the announcement. She said, "If this is yont idea nf dning a job, it's not mine. You can whistle for your money. I'm of half a mind to have my lawyer sne yon for the retainer."

"On the contrary," Crawfnrd told her, "I'm thinking of demanding a bonus."

"On what grounds?" Henrietta's voice sounded ominous.

"On the grounds that I have not nnly fulfilled my assignment, but have saved ynn finm a finanetal stripping," he told her.

"This I want to hear," she said coldly.

"Come on down, and I'll give yon the fnll pitch," said Crawfnrd. He himp up before she could voice any objections. Curiosity and anger combined would bring her as surely as if he had her on a chain and were pulling it in.

He turned his attention back to Lonna, who was regarding him curiously through still-red eyes. "That was Henrietta, wasn't it?" she asked.

He nodded. "It was Henrietta who hired me to see that her brother — your husband's — murdera gnt what was coming to him."

"You mean to her, don't yon?" Lonna asked. "To me?"

"No, dear," said Crawfnrd, filling a glass for her, then fnr himself. He sat down beside her on the king-size sofa and added, "Ynu, I believe, have been punished enough, Lnnna. Fiist, by having in live with Hal Rawlings as his wife all those years. Then by falling fm a near-total nutter like Nick Jessup. Then by committing murder and having Jessup give yon the old heave-ho. And then, of course, the little matter of Henrietta — and me."

"Bnt you haven't punished Nick," she pnntested. "Besides, he didn't shoot Hal — I did."

"No Nick, no murder," Crawfnrd told her. "Don't worry, he was the real killer. And now he's just suffered a fate a while lot worse than death." He pansed, added, "I really should save this until Henrietta gets here."

"Don't make me wait," Lonna pleaded. In the healthy, masculine-erotic atmosphere of the investigator's apartment, in his presence, she seemed to have regained some of the normal woman curiosity and interest in living that should have been hers. "Please!" she begged him.

He lit a cigaret, then said, "Your boyfriend thinks he has just married a wealthy divorcee, while Elaine believes her bridegroom is soon to be a millionaire."

"Yes . . . ?"

"Actually, Nick is just as broke as ever, while Elaine is a dreadful little tart without a dime of her own to her name."

"Well, then, what's so awful?" she asked "When they find it ont, won't they simply get an annulment or something?"

"There," said Crawfnrd, "is the beauty of the whole arrangement. What Nick doesn't know is that Elaine is Peter Vallo's old girlfriend."

"Peter Vallo?" Lonna looked puzzled, then hnrnfied. "You don't mean the underworld czar — you can't? Nick will be killed."

Crawfnrd shook his head. "Nothing that easy," he explained. "If either of them makes a move to get ont of the marriage, Vallo is going to see to it they stink together. And, believe me, he has ways and means. Those two are stnrk until somebody dies — and they're jnst about the two nastiest people I know."

Lonna rose. She said, "I'll have to — think this over."

"That's all I ask," Crawfnrd told her sincerely.

"Actually, I did appreciate the roses. I'm sorry I tried to kill yon — though I'm not sure I really could have."

"Sorry about your eyes," said the detective, "but I couldn't afford to take a chance — not on your record."

She blnshed, then kissed his cheek, then stnod back, looking snrprised and flustered. "I don't think I can face Henrietta tonight," she said. "Call me tomorrow."

"Early," he promised. He saw her in the door, closed it behind her, humming softly to himself. Then he busied himself with removal of all traces of her visit. The revolver he locked in a hidden safe built into his bedroom window-seat. In time, he would dispose of the weapon.

Then, smoothing out the front of his satin brocade dressing gown, he returned to the living room and checked nn the ice in the silver thermo-bucket. He took the phone off the hook. He wanted no interruptions while Henrietta was there. She was going to have to make a payment before she left the apartment — a couple of them in fact.

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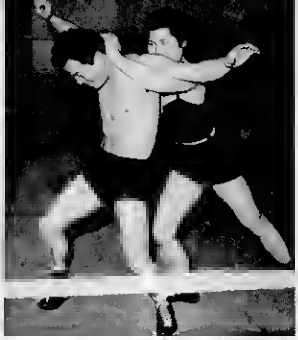
日本の運動



Fresh Twist in Ancient

Something New Has Been Added to Judo Wrestling in the Land of the Rising Sun

Jap Sport

STRANGE INDEED are some of the American influences that have been inflicted upon the ancient Japanese culture pattern since the surrender papers were signed on the forecastle of the Battleship Missouri some 13 years ago. Since then the land of the cherry blossom and the geisha girl, the sedate samurai and delicate arrangement of flowers has adopted the zoot suit and the jitterbug, coca cola and the pony-tail, chewing gum and emancipated women, along with countless other American folkways.

And now, as a crowning jewel in the diadem of USization, the island empire of the Mikado, the flowered kimona and snow-capped Fujiama, has taken to its collective bosom that most refined and delicate of American institutions, the lady wrestler! What is more, through the use of ju-jitsu subtleties, the Japanese would appear to have added refinements to this noble sport hitherto unknown in the land of her birth.

One Pan Ikari is credited with having introduced this great American cultural tradition throughout the Land of the Rising Sun, and is said to have as many as 20 accredited female mat champeons working out of his stable at a time. In Tokyo, the girls have formed the All Japan Women's Wrestling Club, to ensure fair treatment for its membership, and, judging from the pictures shown on these pages, they have the strength and technique to see that they get it. Ju-jitzu, developed as an equalizer between the great and small, is made to order for women like these, who like nothing better than to make their male opponents fly through the air with the greatest of ease.

Great American comic Jimmy Savo used to have a laugh-getting line that ran, "Don't throw that spinach at me —there's iron in it!" Similar outcries may become the password of G. I. or Japanese male alike on the eve of a date with his Yum Yum or Cho San. If he makes a wrong move, he may well wind up with a broken neck!

日本の運動

Adam's tales

MOVE IT OVER!

Says Philbert, "I want a girl, just like the girl that Dad had on the side."

* * *

FLATTENER

The tremendously vain and egotistical star was cussing his director all sorts of trouble, and his capricious antics were running the picture over deadline and budget. Patiently, the director shot and reshot what should have been a brief wrap-up scene, as the ham stopped the cameras time and again with objections. Finally, as the tenth shooting was progressing smoothly, the star raised both hands, tossed back his head and cried, "Hold it! Are you all out of your minds? You're not photographing me with my best side to the camera."

"How can we," moaned the frayed director, "when you're sitting on it?"

* * *

Once upon a time a lovely girl, just like you, experienced a million delicious thrills that are unknown to...
CONTINUED BETWEEN THE LOVERS

CALLIGRAPHY

"Come on up to my place," urged the wolf to his girl-of-the-moment. "I may not be rich enough to buy etchings, but I can sure show you the handwriting on the wall!"

* * *

"There you are! I was hoping you two would meet!"

CHAIRY OLD SOUL

The angry rasp of the spinster-tenant's voice made the hotel desk-clerk wince. "I'm in room 1106," she snapped over the house-phone, "and I want you to know there's a man parading around in the room directly across the court without a stitch of clothes on. He's got his shades up, and I think it's a shocking way to run a hotel."

"I'll send the house detective up at once," the harried clerk promised, and proved as good as his word. Within minutes, the protection officer was knocking on the door of room 1106.

After examining the view, he told the outraged spinster, "You're quite right, ma'am, the gentleman across the court has no clothes on — but the window sill covers him from the waist down, no matter where he moves."

"Not," replied the old maid, "if you come over here and stand on this chair!"

* * *

FRACAS SCHMACASI

It was the morning after one of those late-night police raids, and the sexy young wench was standing up to the judge in Municipal Court. Said the bench-warmer, eyeing her rather battered features with a jaundiced eye, "And did you get cut up in the fracas, young woman?"

"No, your honor," she replied through swollen lips, "it was a little nearer the navel."

* * *

TICKER TAPED

Says Ella, who works in a Wall Street brokerage house: "My boyfriend used to hold my knee at the drive-in, but last night he reached a new high!"

* * *

CARRY A RAZOR

Said the just-hired young circus girl to the manager, "This *is* my first job I'd appreciate any advice you could give me to help avoid making mistakes."

Replied the cynical veteran, "Well, girly, just remember not to undress in front of the bearded lady, and you'll make out okay."

* * *

WHOSE $ $ $?

Far from unique was the poor devil who spent his dollars so generously on his girl that he finally had to marry her for his money!

* * *

SUMMA CUM LAUDE

The young medical student, pointing for a career as a baby-doctor, found himself stumped in a vital final examination, by the following question: "Give six advantages of mother's milk over the milk of cows or prepared formulas for feeding very young babies."

The student chewed on his pencil and racked his wits, then decided to do the best he could, regardless of the consequences. His answers follow, all six of them —

1.) "Mother's milk is always available, when and where needed."

2.) "It is always fresh."

3.) "It is always pure and sanitary."

4.) "It is always at the right temperature."

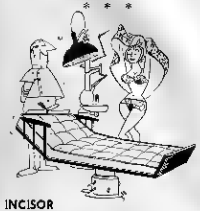
At this point, the student ran out of gas. He chewed on his pencil some more, then wrote —

5.) "It is difficult for a cat to get at it."

Stumped again, he chewed and cogitated some more until the following inspiration seized him. Triumphantly, he scribbled —

6.) "It comes in such cute containers."

* * *



INCISOR

A girl widely known for her gravity
Despised every form of depravity
Till she had a tooth-ache,
And her dentist, the rake,
Most obligingly filled the wrong cavity!

* * *

NO PALMS?

And then there's that old maid down in Florida who had a little place that's never had a palm on it."

* * *

CHEAT

"What was that you just whispered in my ear, darling?" the girl manicured softly as she unzipped her daring strapless gown.

"Say it again, sweet," she added in honeyed tones, letting the gown slide to the floor and standing there, in her scanties.

"You don't really mean it!" she exclaimed passionately, and stepped out of her shoes, then languidly sat down to peel the nylons from her perfect legs.

"I think it's delightfully outrageous! Of course I will — but promise you won't tell a soul." Her voice trembled with excited anticipation as she wriggled out of her filmy, brief unmentionables and let them fall to the carpet in a perfumed heap of delicate lace.

Then she murmured, "Of course, darling. I'll meet you for lunch at one tomorrow."

Then she hung up the phone and tumbled into bed and turned off the light.

* * *

AFRICAN APPLE POLISHER

And then there's the one about the cannibal child who was sent home from school for buttering up the teacher!

* * *

"Is he gone?"

LITTLE MISS ANNIE

Little Miss Anne
Sat on her fanny,
Eating a mignoo, filet.
Said Annie, agrin,
"I'd like to get thin,
But you can't eat your cruds
And not weigh!"

* * *

BIG BAG

GENEVIEVE: "And how did you spend the weekend, Carla?"

CARLA: "Fishing through the ice."

GENEVIEVE (astonished): "Fishing through the ice? Whatever for, in this hot weather?"

CARLA: "Two olives, one lemon peel and a pickled onion."

* * *

"On the second thought, lady, maybe I'd better ask a cab driver."

Three times, the brutal maniac had slain, and the town lay tense and waiting again . . .

THE FULL MOON KILLER

by TEDDY KELLER

THERE HAD been extra dictation that Friday and then a missed bus and then the weekend marketing. It was near dusk before Helen Bradley climbed to her snug apartment in the converted carriage house. Stowing groceries into cupboard and refrigerator, she remembered the evening paper and went back to the little porch to fetch it. When she unfolded it and read the black headline, the scheme came full blown to her mind.

Crossing to the telephone, she dialed, then spread the paper on a hassock beside her. Bob answered guardedly, almost as though he expected her.

"You saw the paper tonight?" Helen asked.

"Sure," Bob said. "What about it?"

His distant, impersonal tone knotted an ache in Helen's heart. Only two months before they had stood close together, wonderingly viewing the prospect of marriage. She swallowed hard and said, "Bob, I'm scared."

"You?" There was disbelief in his tone, but no sympathy.

"Bob, please," she said, and the words came tumbling. "There's going to be a full moon tonight and the paper says no woman should be alone—and the police don't have a single lead on the killer and . . . Bob, he's already killed three times."

"Say, you do sound scared."

"Then you'll come over?"

"Helen, look—" He broke off, tried again. "You know things didn't work out between us and—" Again he stopped. "I mean—"

"Bob, please. Do you think it's easy for me to ask you? If I knew anybody else—anybody I could trust—if you hadn't . . ."

"All right," he said quickly. "All right. I'll come over. But I can't stay long. I . . . well, I've got a date."

"Hurry," she said, and hung up.

She smiled as she hurried into the tiny bedroom. Scared? That was a joke. She'd been a mighty convincing actress on the phone. Maybe three women had been brutally slain in recent weeks, but there was a town full of women who hadn't been harmed. So the mystery killer used a knife as if he enjoyed it. Well, Helen had a kid brother who once saw a knife throwing act. She had chaperoned, then joined in her brother's experimenting. Right now she could take that butcher knife from the kitchen and slit the murderer's throat at ten paces.

Climbing into slacks, then a loose sweater, Helen brushed vigorously at her bobbed, jet hair. Combing it about her pixie face, she knew she presented a picture of innocent helplessness. Bob would find it hard resisting her.

But why should he resist her? She pondered on that as she hurried to the kitchen and put steaks under the broiler. The courtship and the birth of love had been a glowing, enriching fulfillment. There had been no ring—that was to come after Bob's promotion—but there had been talk of adding masculine touches to the carriage house, of installing his hi-fi set, of garaging his old roadster below, of places for pipe rack and fishing pole and tools.

Then just two months ago the world turned a page and Helen was lost in the fine print. Bob had phoned saying that he'd be late. She didn't remember what had happened that evening. But something had happened to them. She had only to look into his eyes to see cold ashes where had blazed the flames of young love. Only two months ago.

The raucous exhaust of the little roadster was somehow obscene in its violation of the quiet evening. The car crunched to a halt on the gravel below and Helen, turning to the door, froze with her gaze riveted on the newspaper. The headlines screamed at her.

"FULL MOON KILLER STILL AT LARGE . . . Police Face Blind Alley . . . No Clues To Savage Murders . . ." And the pictures of the victims—the pretty high school girl so wantonly slain on the night of the last full moon, and the middle-aged widow and the young housewife, both murdered in the same neighborhood when the killer first struck just two months ago. Two months ago.

A convulsion of fear shook Helen and she pressed knuckles hard against bared teeth. A footstep sounded on the outside stairway. Panic bugged Helen's eyes. A cry erupted into her throat, but found no escape from the rigid, knuckle-damned mouth. Her mind flashed to the long, gleaming knife in the kitchen, but terror held her

—*turn the page*

FULL MOON, *from page 52*

rooted. And still the footsteps climbed higher. Helen's head spun dizzily.

"Helen?" Bob said softly from the porch. Then, more urgently, "Helen. Good heavens, what's wrong?"

Suddenly she was flying through the door, out onto the narrow porch, flinging herself in his arms, trembling, choking back the sobs, finding him a blond, wide-shouldered tower of strength. And even as his arms went around her—not the arms of a lover, but of a brother—she was instantly calm and she wondered whether she had been acting again or whether she really feared him.

She let out a tight-held breath and slipped from his loose grasp. "I'd better quit reading the papers," she said, trying to make it light. "Come on in. Chow's almost ready."

Bob started to speak, but Helen twirled away and darted inside. She had one chance with him and she wouldn't let him talk himself out of it. If she had to use the maniac killer to get Bob over for a meal, she was just making the best of a tragic situation.

Bustling around the kitchen, she glanced at the long butcher knife and couldn't help smiling at her own fears. The police had long since checked out every male in town between the ages of ten and seventy. Of course someone had slipped through their net, but it hadn't been Bob. In business and in his personal life he was careful and shrewd, honest and straightforward. He was not clever. And the full moon killer had to be clever.

Yet something weighed heavily on Bob's mind tonight. He was preoccupied almost to the oblivion of everything about him. He had been like that, weighing all the factors, just before he began talking marriage to Helen. Remembering, she nearly panicked again. This vague date of his might be in line for a rebound proposal.

They ate in silence. Bob only grunted when Helen asked if the rare steak was to his liking. He merely nodded when the apple pie had passed from freezer to oven to table. In desperation, Helen turned to the one safe topic of conversation.

"Do you think they'll catch the full moon killer?"

Bob gave her a long, sober look. "I . . . I'm afraid so."

"You're afraid so?" She lit a cigaret and pushed up from the table to pace around the small room. "No riddles, please," she said shortly. "You've talked in riddles every time I've tried to talk about us. I wish you'd tell me what happened. I'm not begging, Bob, and I'm not crawling. I just want to know."

He frowned at her. "You mean you don't know?"

Exasperated, she snubbed out the cigaret, then lit another. "Of course I don't." She wheeled on him, but she saw pain flowing into his eyes. Her anger flared and burned out.

"Don't you remember?" he asked slowly, "that night I had to work late? Just two months ago." When she nodded, he added. "And do you remember what else happened that night?"

"Everybody in town knows," she said. Alarm, ominous and suffocating, swelled in her chest.

Bob stared vacantly at his plate. "We haven't really known each other long, Helen. We never did get around to talking about our childhood—the influences, the loves, the hates."

"Bob!" She held to the back of her chair. "What are you trying to say?"

Still he didn't look at her. "That there's a schizophrenic personality behind this killer—somebody we may know as a pleasant, kind, workaday sort of person who . . ."

She was already darting to the kitchen when she screamed, "Bob!" Then she held the knife, the glittering steel poised. She moved warily toward him, ready to repulse him, to kill if necessary.

He had moved from the table. He stood now at the front door, opening it wide, stepping back. The full moon showed blood red above the eastern horizon. Bob's voice went on, like a small boy's reciting a much-hated lesson.

"There is more witchcraft than we know in the moon. Even science can only guess at its terrible powers."

Terror stricken, yet prodded by some strange compulsion, Helen moved nearer Bob, directly before the open door. The red moon bathed her in its eerie light, glinting off the deadly blade.

"That night two months ago," Bob said, "you hardly recognized me—you seemed in a trance—and I wondered even then. But last week I found the high school girls' locket—smashed into the gravel in the driveway. Helen, I don't know what mixed you up, what made you turn on your own sex, what made you kill . . ."

His voice drifted into nothingness. His silhouette faded. The room swam away, swallowed up in a red haze, and nothing remained but the slim, beautiful blade, reflecting the moonlight that was as warm and crimson as fresh blood.

A moan pinched from Helen's lips. She watched in hypnotic fascination as the knife, as of its own volition, reversed itself. She clutched the handle with both hands, the blade pointing to her abdomen. Her laugh rang in her ears. The muscles of her arms tensed, then plunged the knife inward.

A man shouted. A hand seized his wrists. A uniform thrust into her line of vision. Arms grappled her, pinioned her, lifted her. She was still laughing as they carried her out. She glanced back, not caring, and saw Bob slumping into a chair, sobbing.

"Will you loan me the use of your finger again, Mr. Elrod?"

KING-SIZE, *from page 25*

With his helmet shading his eyes, they emerged from the rain forest. He waited for the crocodiles to push their ugly snouts above the murky surface of the water on the next turn of the river. He hitched at the gun belt and fingered the butt ends of his revolvers. The crocodiles came up as promised, leering fantastically, with cold glassy eyes. Marvin drew his weapons with lightening speed and fired two shots into the air. Nervous laughter oozed from the surprised passengers as Marvin peered into his mirror. He scanned the faces, old and young, amused and frightened, dull and alert, until his eyes seemed to freeze. Sitting almost in the center of the boat, her face contorted in a grimace of fear, was his Alberta. The scream was from her lips, and the strange pallor of her skin gave her an appearance Marvin had never seen before.

She obviously didn't know he was within miles of the park, so if he played his cards right, she might not notice him. He stared in fascination — it was like seeing her for the first time without lipstick, or the two circular spots of rouge she painted on her cheeks. Almost without realizing it, Marvin lowered his voice to make it more impressive as they approached the villages of headhunters. "Better hold on to your heads, friends. Some of these natives specialize in shrinking them."

His gaze was riveted on the mirror. The boat glided near an overhanging tree limp, resting place for a mighty python, whose powerful body was arched down into the path of the boat. Its eager tongue was flicking back and forth in anticipation. Marvin could tell the instant Alberta spotted the snake. Most of the tonnists drew in their breath and shuddered, but not Alberta.

Her lips framed another blood chilling scream. She jumped to her feet, shouting, "I want to get off this horrible boat! Somebody let me off!" Her flaccid body shaking with terror, she began to sob. Marvin's co-worker was at her side instantly, soothing and calming her. Gradually she became quiet and sat back down in the boat for the remainder of the tour.

Marvin stood transfixed at the scene unfolding behind him. The truth flashed before his eyes like a fiery arrow from the bow of an expert marksman. Alberta was scared — not just the ordinary fear that he saw in his jungle every week, but an unreasonable, terrible fear that defied understanding. She had gone to pieces right before his eyes. She wasn't the solid rock he had always believed her to be — just a pitiful woman who was scared out of her wits by *his* jungle. This was the one moment he had hoped and prayed for, but now that it had come, he was strangely calm.

He rounded the last turn of the waterway and stopped the boat by the docks. He remained with his back turned to the interior of the craft as the people climbed up to the dock. She can't crack the whip at me again, now that I know. He had her just where he wanted her. No more, "Marvin, you haven't the courage of a flea," or "I'm so ashamed of you, you lily-livered excuse for a man," in that one moment of her terror, her tactics became as weak as a dying beast.

Marvin went through the rest of the afternoon like a man in a state of hypnosis. He made a total of twelve more trips. Oh, yes, he strutted and swaggered and posed, but underneath, his mind was racing. He punched the time clock promptly at 6 and quickly dressed in his drab gray clothes again, thinking he would surely have to buy some of those gaudy sport shirts as soon as the weather warmed up some. Alberta didn't think they were appropriate for him.

On his way home from the bus stop, he entered the corner drug store, five doors from his smog prison of a bungalow, and made a purchase of a half dozen cigars. Six of the longest, blackest, most expensive the clerk offered. He placed them in the breast pocket of his suit. Their unfamiliar bulk pushed comfortingly against his chest. He sauntered from the store and walked calmly down the street and up the front walk to his house — *his* house. He opened the front door and slammed it noisily as he entered.

"Marvin Phinney, where have you been? You're five minutes late, and you know I hate to be kept waiting!" Alberta's shrill tones shattered the evening air.

Marvin didn't answer. He eased himself into the big, soft wing chair that Alberta usually claimed. He carefully unwrapped the first of his cigars, tossing the cellophane wrapping on the floor. He didn't know if he'd ever tell her of this afternoon. Perhaps some day, but not right away, though. It was too pleasant to relax with a smoke and savor his new position. Now he knew how a king must feel.

He lighted the cigar, puffed rapidly a few times, and leaned back to exhale a swirling cloud of fragrant smoke. One of the things Alberta detested most in the world was cigar smoke. He put his feet firmly on the piecrust rim of her treasured coffee table. He blew great opalescent smoke screens toward the kitchen.

"Alberta," he called, "what did you do this afternoon?" He waited for her reply.

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EVA FOR EFFERT

Sultry's the word for this sexy siren from West Berlin!

HER NAME IS Eva Effert, she is "Miss Berlin of 1958", and she has her big, baby-blue eyes dead set on Hollywood. What's more as the second picture from the left, above, reveals, she is a girl with a firm grip on herself — and if you can find anything better worth gripping lying around loose, you're a very, very lucky ADAM-reader indeed!

Inevitably, with that long, tousled blonde hair, those full, pouty lips and her willingness to put those sexational curves on full display unhindered by more than the minimum of clothing, Eva is being compared with Brigitte Bardot. In fact, all Europe seems to be sprouting facsimile BB's nowadays, just as, a few years back, all America was sprouting ersatz MM's.

But Eva is very definitely a person and personality in her own right. Born in Breslau not too many years ago, her family fled to Berlin at the end of the war to escape becoming a part of Communist Poland, bringing little Eva with them. She grew up in Berlin (and how she grew!), and obtained her first job as a very young teenager modeling Jantzen bathing suits. Nor did it take Eva long to grow out of Jantzens into something very definitely cooler.

Although she is still very young, Eva is a very, very cool cat, European version. She has traveled extensively throughout the Continent and speaks French, Italian and English fluently, along with her native German. She has played bit parts in a number of German films, and is considered one of the most thoroughly sophisticated chicks this side of the Iron Curtain.

Like all young actresses, Eva wants fame and money, and feels that the best place to win both in carload lots is Hollywood. Hence, she is currently saving her reichsmarks to launch herself in a film capital career. What she will think of Hollywood, of course, must remain for the future to solve, but even a mangy, motheaten joke of a prophet can foresee what Hollywood will think of Eva. The wolves are already lining up.

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VENUS, *from page 39*

natural, gave her gorgeous hips a snappy roll that brought a gasp from the men and said, "Why not? Anyone got a Rock 'n' Roll record?"

"Perhaps Jim . . ." Peggy began, but Mabel's husband merely smiled and told her, "Don't worry . . . she's great. But she isn't often in the mood."

A record was dug out of the albums and put on the player, and Mabel went into her dance. When it was over, the girls applauded politely, but they need not have bothered, what with the whoop-de-doo the men were making. Beyond question, the newcomer was terrific—she had bumped, ground wriggled, writhed and stomped, her face alight with laughter, her golden hair aswirl and every cubic centimeter of her glorious body in sensual motion.

Breathing hard as she retied her blonse, revealing glimpses of firm, enticingly curved, sun-bronzed torso in the process that turned the men into insects with their eyes on stalks, Mabel paused to ask Jane, "What'd you say, honey?"

"I said," said Jane in acid-etched accents, "I understand now why Doris said you used to be belly button all over."

In the hush of horror that fell like an asbestos curtain, Mabel's laugh rang clear and amused. "Why, the little monster!" she said. "She got it a little mixed up. My maiden name was Mabel Buttpal, so when I became a stripper, they hung the Belle Button moniker on me. It's sort of a burlesque custom. You know . . . like Sheila the Peeler and Vera Sweet. So I was Belle Button." She chuckled. "I thought it was sort of cute."

"Man!" said Jack Martin to Jim. "Let's all quit our jobs and open a night-club here in Vista Village. With Mabel to dance, we couldn't miss."

Phyllis sent one of her extra-special, wait-till-I-get-you-alone glares, then emitted a squawk as she saw the children, supposedly safely stashed at Jane's apartment, clustered in the doorway. Little Doris, wearing a rare expression of utter reverence, advanced a step or two into the room and said, "I think you dance just beautiful, Mabel."

This pretty well wrapped it up. The youngest generation was restored to Jane's and their finstered sitter, who had merely strayed to the bathroom briefly and thought she had lost her entire brood. The cold-cuts were brought out, and there was conversation of a sort, but to all intents and practices, the party was over. The Compards went home about nine-thirty, leaving a large area of dead air behind them.

"Just think," said Peggy Kemp, "of being married to a creature like that!"

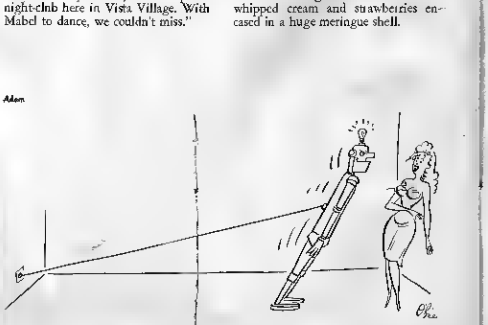
"If you ask me," said her husband, "Jim Compard's a lucky dog."

"Nobody asked you!" Peggy snapped.

"I supose we'll have to go over there Sunday," mourned Jane. "After all, she asked us. I wonder what she'll have in the way of food . . ."

"Spaghetti and meatballs probably," said Phyllis.

But when a rather ill-at-ease sextet was ushered into the Compard dining room, two evenings later, there was not a bit of spaghetti in sight. Instead, underneath a spread of magnificent lace and linen, crystal and silver, a groaning board held a beautifully sliced, golden brown turkey, a wine-red ham glazed with maraschino cherries, a salad of grapefruit segments and anchovies resting in a perfectly dressed bed of crisp romaine, artichoke hearts deep-fried in batter with sherry-cream sauce, popovers as feathery light as air itself and a magnificent dessert of stiff whipped cream and strawberries encased in a huge meringue shell.



It was Phyllis, moaning inwardly at the thought of what she was doing to her figure as she dug into her third full plate, who approached a smiling Jim Compard and said, "I didn't know you could get things like this in Vista Village. Mabel must have had a caterer bring it out from the city."

Jim shook his head and said, "No, she did it herself. She does everything she tries well. I think it was her cooking that got me."

"It's got me, too," said Mabel with a sigh.

Over coffee the next morning, Jane said, "Of course, when you've got nothing else to do . . ."

Peggy Kemp said, "Frankly, I thought it was in stinking bad taste."

Phyllis glound out her cigaret in her saucer and said, "Let's face it, girls . . . we're outclassed. We may have gone to college, but there are a lot of things we didn't learn."

"Okay, okay," said Peggy. "You can be sporting if you want to, but you don't have Will thanking up excuses to go over there whenever he's home. He *says* it's to talk business with Jim."

"Maybe not," said Jane, "but Harry got his face stuck in the picture window last night, peering across the court, and I had to use a razor blade to pry him loose."

Both women turned to look inquiringly at Phyllis, who sighed and said, "It isn't that Jack's done anything so far . . . but you should see the way he *looks* at me. It makes me feel like something the cat scorned to bring in."

The three of them looked at one another, and, without words, the anti-Mabel league was formed. They weren't consciously cruel or acting in anti-Togetherness fashion; they were three above-average wives and mothers gathered together in defense of their homes against a monstrously dangerous outsider.

They didn't actually do anything; it was what they didn't do that mattered. They simply, ever-so-politely, included Mabel Compard *out*. They spoke to her when speaking was unavoidable. They were never rude, but there was no trading of recipes and kitchen utensils and the like with the newcomer. Their husbands, who had been through it before, growled and grumbled and visited Mabel to pass the time of day with her when she lay sunning herself in a bikini on a deck chair on the lawn. But they were well broken to harness, and there was no open revolt.

With the children, however, it was different. They adored Mabel one and all, which, to the mothers of Cormorant Court, was the most unkind cut of all.

"But Phyllis," said a rebellious eight-year-old Jack, Jr., "I don't see why you don't like Mabel. She's fun, more fun than . . ." He stopped, biting his lip.

"I see," said Phyllis, wounded to the quick. "Well, we can't all be beautiful and have nothing to do like your friend."

"Aw, Phyllis," said Jack, aware that he had hurt his mother and trying to make amends, "it's not that. You should taste the cookies she bakes for us."

"I can imagine," Phyllis said grimly.

The children continued to visit the enemy, and there was nothing their mothers could do about it, since direct opposition to a child's wishes was against both theory and practice in Cormorant Court, and since the young folk refused to allow their interest to be directed in other channels. But the mothers seethed like so many about-to-explode volcanoes.

"It's just not fair," said Jane bitterly. "Doris and David are completely under her spell."

"The worst of it is," Phyllis said wretchedly, "is that we've got no real reason to squawk. My kids have never been so well behaved as since she moved in."

"Yak-yak-yak!" said Peggy Kemp angrily. "You can be as sporting as you like about it, but I'm not going to take a real deep breath until she's out of here. Maybe she's all you say, but she doesn't *belong!*"

There was a shocked silence. Not-belonging was, to these well-adjusted yoan
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VENUS, *from page 59*

old as agreeing with any such outrageous suggestion. The distaff division of Cormorant Court was in a state of siege from then on.

The break came less than a week later, when Jane came flying over to Phyllis' apartment as fast as her unwieldy condition would allow her. Her hair was unbrushed, and her eyes ablaze with excitement. "I thought so," she gasped, "and now I *know!*"

"You know what?" Phyllis said irritably.

"I know what that . . what she really is," Jane caroled in triumph. "There's been a *man* over there for the past two hours. He only just left!"

"What'd he look like?" asked Phyllis, her irritability vanished.

"Sort of tall," said Jane excitedly, "and very well dressed . . . but *old!*" She pronounced the last word as if it were something disgusting. None of the residents of Cormorant Court had accepted the fact that they, too, would age.

"Did you *see* anything?" Phyllis asked, her excitement mounting.

"I saw him give her a kiss when he left," said Jane. "While he was there, they stayed away from the picture window."

This last was damning, if negative, evidence, in Cormorant Court where everyone lived more or less in a glass house. Peggy was summoned and told the news, and the three women swore themselves and each other to silence, while a policy of watchful waiting was planned. Phyllis remarked, "You know, kids, we aren't being very broadminded about any of this."

To which Peggy Kemp snorted, "Bushwah, honey! Who can afford broadmindedness in a spot like this?" There was no answer, since all felt equally guilty, having been dedicated to Tolerance and Broadmindedness since their early childhood, by parents and teachers alike.

The next three afternoons, instead of rotating their daily visits, the three of them gathered at Jane's since her apartment had the only direct view of the Compard residence. Nothing happened the first two days, and Peggy Kemp was remarking, "I think Jane dreamt it up . . ." when Jane, standing carefully to one side of the window, where the drapes offered concealment, said excitedly, "Here he comes now!"

The others rushed close against her and peered out. They saw a tall, gray-haired man, in a banker's gray suit, stroll up to the Compard's door. As he extended a hand to lift the knocker, the door was flung open, and Mabel, her gorgeous long limbs on full display as usual, greeted her visitor with a hug, a hug that was returned before the door swung shut to conceal them.

"What do you know?" said Phyllis.

"Didn't I tell you?" Jane asked.

"That *does* it!" said Peggy Kemp. She moved purposefully away from the window toward the telephone resting innocently on its table near the door.

"What are you going to do, honey?" Jane asked anxiously.

Peggy paused dramatically, one hand on the instrument, and said grimly, "I'm going to call Jim Compard at Caton and tell him what's going on."

"Easy, Peg," said Phyllis. "You're not going to give your name?"

"Do you think I'm an *idiot?*" said Peggy with dignity. She lifted the instrument from its cradle and began to dial.

After it was done, no one said much. They all felt they had betrayed themselves by being party to such a deed, yet their anger at Mabel, as the cause of their self-betrayal, grew greater than ever. Finally, Jane said, "What'd he say?"

"He was very polite," said Peggy. "He asked me to describe the man, then thanked me very much."

"That means it must be an old romance she's picked up," said Phyllis.

"I wonder what he'll do?" mused Jane, and no one replied. "Do you suppose he'll . . . ?"

They stood at the edge of the window, watching, waiting, in delicious panic, with thoughts of shootings and axe-murders running through their heads. Nor did they have long to wait.

Half an hour later, the door across the court was opened. The watchers quivered as they saw Mabel embrace her caller in fond farewell. When it was over, the stranger turned to walk toward the street at the end of the court. Then he paused briefly, to look directly at Jane's window — he smiled faintly and lifted his hat to them courteously. The three women exchanged a frozen look and separated quickly to return to their homes.

"What gets me," Phyllis said to Peggy as they emerged, "is how he knew we were there."

Peggy shrugged it off, replying, "We'll probably never know."

It was near midnight, and Phyllis was preparing for bed, when Peggy pushed open her door and said abruptly, "Will just left me."

"You're joking!" said Phyllis, leading the way toward the kitchen for a soothing cup of coffee.

"I'm not," Peggy replied, and it was evident she had been crying. "And it's all *her* fault," she added viciously.

"He'll come back," Phyllis said soothingly.

Peggy shook her head, her lips tightly compressed. "I never saw anyone so

furious. I thought he was going to beat me. He says I betrayed him. Do you know who her caller was? It was Everard Caton himself. Jim Compard recognized my voice when I called him today, and he called home, and told them. That's why he lifted his hat to us."

"I never . . . !" gasped Phyllis. "Oh, this is awful. What was Everard Caton doing there?"

"You don't know the half of it," stormed Peggy. "It seems Will was up for a big promotion, and they moved the Compards in here to look us over. Jim Compard is some sort of very hush-hush, big-time trouble-shooter for the company."

"Oh, no!" said Phyllis. "You mean he . . . she . . ."

"Will was in Jim's office, talking it over, when I called. And Mr. Caton came out here twice, just to get Mabel's view on our home life. I can imagine what she told him!"

"Of all the sneaky . . ." Phyllis began, then stopped. As a corporation wife, she knew there was nothing unusual about it. Then, as another thought struck her, "But it must have been an awfully important job to get Mr. Caton himself involved."

"It was . . . it is. Oh, I don't know. It seems he and Mabel are old friends or something, so it wasn't all business, his coming here."

"And Willis has left you?" Phyllis asked.

Peggy nodded. "The hell of it is, I can't blame him. If only I hadn't made that call. The Compards are pulling out in a day or two anyway."

Phyllis didn't say, "I asked you to take it easy." She couldn't. She was too busy wondering what her Jack would do when he found out about her own behavior from Willis Kemp. Nothing, she sensed, was ever going to be quite the same again. When, after Peggy left, she went slowly upstairs to bed, Jack half awoke and said, "What was that all about, honey?"

"Oh," Phyllis replied, "Willis and Peggy had a spat."

He joked at her sleepily and said, "She had it coming to her . . . and that reminds me. You and I've got something to talk over in the morning."

"When did you find out?" she asked, feeling sick to her stomach.

"Will told me on the train, coming home," said Jack. "I've been so sore about it, I didn't want to discuss it tonight. But now that it's out, we might as well get it over with."

Reaching with trembling fingers for a cigaret, Phyllis knew nothing *was* ever going to be the same. She said, "Maybe I'd better go downstairs and brew us some more coffee."

by PAUL WILLSON

SUPER

For a struggling young actress, he had much to offer

IT WAS INEVITABLE that Jeannie couldn't help it, under the circumstances at any rate. But that didn't mean she had to like it. Despite the importance of maintaining a smart, just-off-Sutton Place address in Manhattan, especially for a struggling young actress with virtually nothing in the bank and prospects whose brightness failed to keep them from dragging interminably in the future, she didn't know how much longer she could endure letting Ernie Byles invade her bed.

Jeannie was young, vividly pretty, red-headed and possessed of a figure whose assembly-job, to say nothing of its basic ingredients, had been known to make strong men quiver and drool like idiots. She was smart, she was determined, she had talent — she had everything but money. Since a husband was out of the question at this stage of her fledgling theatrical career, she had to sleep with Ernie Byles.

Ernie was lanky, fortyish, usually unshaven and black of fingernails. He wore greasy overalls and was distressingly crude in both speech and manner. Having him make love to her was, to Jeannie, like letting a troglodyte embrace her. But Ernie was the superintendent of the building, and it was only through permitting him to sleep with her whenever he chose that Jeannie was enabled to keep her smart address intact.

She sat in the corner saloon, sipping beer which she hated, sipping beer for two reasons — one, it was the only drink she could afford at the moment; two, because, by drinking beer herself, she would not be so aware of Ernie's sickly alcoholic breath when he kissed her. And Ernie would be waiting — it was one of his nights.

She suddenly spotted a pleasant-looking, very well-dressed young man in the back-bar mirror and all but screamed. It was Mr. Teneyck, the owner of the building, and he had spotted her. She felt as if she were going to be sick to her stomach.

Ever since she slipped into the apartment via the service elevator, some two months earlier, Ernie had been drumming Mr. Teneyck at her. "Stay away from him, Jeannie," was his constant warning. "If he ever gets on to this setup, I'll lose a good job, and you'll wind up in the clink. He may look like a softy, but he's hard as nails."

So Jeannie had stayed away from Mr. Teneyck — until now — with success. There had, of course, been a half dozen inevitable casual collisions in the elevator and lobby. On such occasions, Jeannie had had to summon every ounce of her acting ability to play the casual tenant. Apparently, she had gotten away with it. But if he talked to her, if he questioned her, she was a dead duckling. The mere thought of the woman's house of detention, stark and orange-brick on lower Sixth Avenue, paralyzed her.

Like a bird watching a snake, she watched Mr. Teneyck's reflection approach hers in the mirror, noted the coldness of his light blue eyes, the smirk on his lips. Not once did his gaze leave hers.

She battled an impulse to dash out into the twilight. If she did, she would be without clothes other than what she wore on her back, without an address to which help could be sent. She'd be a dead duckling in any case. With her stomach imitating a cement mixer, she clung to the edge of the bar, hoping she wouldn't faint, then hoping she would.

Yet his voice, when it sounded almost in her ear was polite, even gentle. He said, "Miss Wilcox, I've been hoping to have a word with you."

I'll bet you have! she thought. Then, somehow, she managed a, "Yes?"

"It's about the apartment. I just wanted to tell you I heard from the lessees, and they won't be back from Europe for another six months. I'm glad, because I was worried about you. You see, I used to be an actor myself, before hunger drove me into real estate. That's why I told Ernie Byles to let you have the apartment rent free as long as it was vacant."

DEAD or ALIVE!

by RAY DENNISON

LUKE WENTWORTH regarded the lush double-symphony of soft pink globes and arcs of female flesh, the softer, pinker lips that pouted at him petulantly, the smoke-black hair and eyes regarding him from beneath long curling lashes. The hard lines of his lean, leathery, cowhand's face relaxed at the caress of her voice, as she wheedled in heavily accented Mexican-English, "Senor Toro, Angelita mus' have more money. Her mama, she is very sick."

It was the same old story. He dug into his levis and frowned as only two coins met the quest of his long, callused, gunwise fingers. Angelitas cost a man high, but it was one of the rewards that Luke Wentworth had promised himself never to give up when he'd long ago stopped gunslinging for pay and decided to make it the hard, honest way as herd boss on the big drives north to Abilene. Girls and gambling were his two major vices, but he figured he worked hard enough to have earned his right to them.

He pulled out one of the gold pieces, the last of what remained of his pay from the last big drive he'd guided north through badlands and worse men. Most of the rest of his money had been lost at the poker table to a slicked-up young crook, Bart Ledbetter, before he'd ever caught on that his hard-earned cowpoke's money was being taken from him by a thief. Bart hadn't been able to cheat at the draw, though, and when the smoke had cleared, Luke's still educated gunman's hand had done its job as well as in the old days. But he knew who it was he'd filled with lead, and had a good idea what the consequences would be. He'd moved out of that saloon so fast he hadn't even had time to gather up the money Bart had taken from him.

Luke flipped the glittering coin in a flat trajectory at the sprawling little prostitute. It was aimed shrewdly at the most critical target of her anatomy, and scored a squealing bullseye that made his ice-blue eyes crinkle in silent amusement as he reached for the bottle of redeye on the scarred bureau beside his chair.

When the scolding, grateful girl had gone, clutching her red-and-white

"Senor Toro, Angelita must have more money," she told him.

ruffled dress in front of her nudity, the smile left Luke's eyes as he considered his position.

If he took five steps ont of this border-town brothel, he was as good as dead But to stay on here, he had to have gold — and lots of it. Otherwise, Mama Conchita or one of the girls would surely betray him to the marshal for the reward on his head. Fifteen-hundred buckaroos, put up by Jonas Ledbetter, rancher, merely because Luke had drilled down Jonas' card-cheating son in a fair shoot-out Dead or alive, too. If it weren't for that cursed reward, Luke would long since have put hundreds of hard-ridden miles between himself and this dirty, dirty little border community.

Fifteen hundred gold simoleons . . . He took a long swig of redeye, put his head in his hands and thought.

He was still sitting there, for once hardly aware of his surroundings, when Aaron and Pete came silently into the room, their eyes watchful, their guns slung low at their hips . . .

FIVE HOURS LATER, he stood morosely in a jail-cell, while gnarled, sapling-tough, money-grubbing, land-grabbing Jonas Ledbetter looked at his son's killer. "It's him all right," he said tonelessly to the marshal. For a moment, Luke thought the old man was going to let him have it right there in the cell.

But the moment passed, and the old man turned away and said, "I can't stand the sight of the dirty sidewinder, but I'll be on tap for the hangin'. Well, one thing — this is fifteen hundred dollars I'm mighty glad to be payin' out"

Luke just stood there inside the barred cell door, listening. He could hear the mumble of talk in the next room, between Mr Ledbetter, the marshal and Aaron and Pete, the two bruder rats who had brought him in. He heard the clink of hard metal on a hard table-top, a little later the sound of Mr. Ledbetter's horse's hoof-beats receding down the dusty, unpaved street.

He waited, his entire body a spring, dimly considering all the intricacies of a doublecross. And then he heard it, Pete's high whiskey tenor saying, "I knew you wouldn't deny us the pleasnse of one more look at this murderin' skunk."

They were there in the cell-room — Aaron, Pete and the marshal. Luke stared at them, level-eyed, silent and looking. Aaron and Pete, a pair of worthless bruder rats if there ever were, he told himself mentally.

"He don't look so all-fired dangerons without his guns, do he?" jeered Aaron, wiping sweat from his low, stupid forehead with the forearm of a dust-filthy shirt.

"He wouldn't hurt a li'l ol' fly, not ol' Luke Wentworth," drawled Pete, neatly placing a bullet of tobacco-stained spit between the bars within a half inch of one of Luke's boots.

"Okay men," said the marshal. "You had your look at him — though why you want another look at such a unappetizin' specimen of polluted humanity as Luke Wentworth I jus' can't understand."

"Tastes differ," said Aaron disarmingly. "You know that, Marshal. That's how horse-races are born.

"Sure, you know that," echoed Pete.

"Okay men," the marshal repeated, "you got your gold, you got your last look at Pete. Now get goin' an' give me some rest. Pete, too — he looks like he's right tired of the sight of you."

"I just want to hear him say something," said Aaron. "You'd think his mother was scared by a clam before he was born or something."

"Say something, Luke," said Pete. "Come on, let's hear your voice."

"Sure thing," Luke said softly. "Nobody is hanging me because of a fair fight." And, to the marshal, "Better put them up around your ears, man, if you reckon to stay healthy long. You're covered."

Like a trapped coyote, the lawman's eyes darted from Pete to Aaron, from Aaron to Pete. As Luke spoke, they had taken half a step backward and drawn their pistols to cover a lawman kidney apiece. Reluctantly, his hands rose toward the ceiling.

"I don't stand for no necktie parties in this jail," he said unsteadily.

Pete laughed as he plucked the keys from the marshal's belt and tossed them to Luke, who unfastened the cell-lock. "This way, my good man," he told the lawman, disarming him deftly and ushering him into the cell he vacated. Then, to Aaron and Pete, "Come on, partners, let's ride."

They divvied up the fifteen hundred dollars in gold while making camp in the desolate hills, many miles from the town. Luke took a thousand as conceiver and leader of the scheme for cashing in on the price on his head, the other tonk two hundred fifty apiece for their share in the exploit.

"We better head for Mexico," the gunman told them. "Texas is gonna be pretty hot for a while."

"You're right on that," said Aaron.

Luke looked reverently at the double eagles before stowing them in his saddle bags, thinking of the many soft, sweet Angelitas, Carmencitas and Estrellitas awaiting him south of the Rio Grande.

GIRL IN A SPIN

ONCE UPON A TIME, a song-plugger was a man employed by a Tin Pan Alley sheet-music publisher who made the rounds of the New York cabarets night after night to see that his employer's latest productions were played by the big-name orchestras. The marks of his trade were a deathly white nightclub pallor, suitcases under his eyes, a blue chin in chronic need of a shave and a suit in need of a press.

Times, however, have changed. For here we have a very much up-to-date song plugger in Susan Young, who sports a healthy Hollywood suntan, a thin line of dark makeup instead of bags under her eyes and a dress that hugs her gorgeous figure so tightly there's not room for a crease in a carload. What is more, Susan's chin is definitely not blue.

Furthermore, every condition of Susan's job has changed as well. She sells albums of records, rather than sheet-music arrangements, her current choice including another pair of dark-haired honeys, Ruth Olay and Mary Kaye, shown chatting outside Hollywood's Avant-Garde with Susan at upper left. Instead of orchestra leaders, she sells disc jockies, including Peter Potter of TV "Juke Box Jury" fame at lower left.

When Susan goes to a night club, it is on her own time and some lucky dater's bankroll, and she goes there to have a ball, not to sell the orchestra leader. Although the only tapes she is interested in are of the electrophonic variety, Susan doesn't have to worry about the more usual pinup tapes—a fact revealed by the pictures at right and below, showing the young Young curves more fully revealed as she lounges around her Beverly Hills apartment.

Still, there is no real rest for a song-plugger, be it in 1958 or in the cabaret hopping days of yore. When she isn't listening to the albums she plugs, Susan listens to the radio to see that her plugs get plenty of play. An LPR of a life!

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TAX BULLETIN!

On November 25, 1957, Internal Revenue Service Commissioner, Russell C Harrington, in commenting on a new regulation which will require taxpayers to fill in new expense account information on their individual income tax forms, stated:

"All individual taxpayers who incur expenses in connection with their employment should keep adequate records of their expenditures and reimbursements, so that for 1958 and later years they will be in a position to supply expense account information from their own records."

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